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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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THE STANDARD.

THE ANDERSON EXTRADITION CASE.

PUBLIC OPINION IN ENGLAND.

THE London *Times*, after a careful statement of the facts in the case of the fugitive slave Anderson, whose rendition has been demanded by the Government of the United States of the Government of Canada—he having killed a man in Missouri who attempted to arrest his flight from bondage—says:

"In their hearts and consciences the Canadian authorities must have felt that Anderson slew his enemy in defence of all that man holds dear; they must have felt that to surrender him to his pursuers to be burnt alive—a fate probably reserved for him—would be a most dreadful responsibility, and yet, as judges bound to administer the law uprightly, they may have hardly seen how to evade the conclusion. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that they have taken refuge in indecision, and remitted the case successively from one court to another. First, the magistrates gave up the attempt, and referred the matter to the Attorney-General; then the Attorney-General, after two months' consideration, alleged his incompetence; and now the Court of Queen's Bench has cognizance of the question, by which tribunal it must finally be decided. Before this time, indeed, judgment has doubtless been given, though on which side it would be hard to conjecture.

"We suppose there will be hardly a man in England who will not hope for the success even of his forcible rescue, if things come to that extremity. The fate probably in store at this crisis of Southern fanaticism for a slave who not only ran away, but killed the white planter who attempted to arrest him, is too shocking to think of, and yet the Missouri agents may establish their case. The truth is, that such complications must forever be contingent upon institutions like that of slavery. Wherever an institution is at variance in its very essence with the moral instincts of our nature, the antagonism thus created will pervade every question concerning it. All except slaveholders will judge this case by feelings which they will place above the law. They may not carry their convictions to the length of breaking the law, but in their hearts they will condemn it, and will sympathize with the offender. This is a conflict of laws, which can never be terminated by any political compromise or legal adjustment. It must prevail as long as slavery prevails, for slavery cannot prevail without enactments against which humanity rebels. Nature and law are therefore forced into collision, and under such conditions no peace can be reasonably expected."

In a subsequent article the same paper says:

"*But are we, therefore, to surrender this man to the cruel fate which awaits him in the neighboring State? The suggestion is preposterous.* That we, who look with such scorn upon the little State of Saxony for delivering up a Hungarian nobleman who had trusted to her hospitality, should, in our strength and our grandeur, deliver up a wretched slave who had run for our soil as to the ark of freedom, may be argued as a logical necessity in a court of law, but is an obvious impossibility as a fact. How it will be we do not pretend to foretell. How the logical necessity will be shown to be a practical impossibility, we are by no means prepared to explain; *but very confident we are that this negro is at this moment as safe, in the prison of Toronto, from ever being sent before a Missouri jury of slave-owners as he would be if he were in the wilds of Central Africa.* Meanwhile, as we gather from the report, there is no immediate hurry, or any danger of any steps being taken to carry out the judgment. From the decision of the Queen's Bench, there is, it appears, by the Canadian law, an appeal to the Bench of Judges, and thence again there is an appeal, as we understand, to the Privy Council in England. Although we may fear that upon the broad question of law the decision of English lawyers must concur with that of the Queen's Bench of Canada, and although the ingenuity of counsel and of anxious judges may fail to discover any technical objection which may vitiate the proceedings, yet time will be afforded for the intervention of diplomacy, within the province of which a difficulty of this character specially falls. It is not because we have heedlessly gone into an engagement which involves an unsuspected obligation to burn an innocent man, that we are, therefore, to burn him. It is not because we have blindly and unknowingly bound ourselves systematically to outrage all the common laws of God and humanity, that we are therefore now, as a matter of course, to do the first act and to take the first step by the same means as the Romans used to adopt when they desired to commit themselves to some nefarious enterprise—by the sacrifice of a slave. As a topic of transatlantic excitement, this slave case may have its interest, but on this side of the Atlantic we are too profoundly convinced of the unpractical character of the contest to be very anxious about it."

The London *Dispatch*, one of the most influential weeklies in England, speaks in terms still more emphatic. After depicting the disgust and indignation excited in England in consequence of the surrender to Austria, by Saxony, of Count Teleki, a nobleman who had borne arms against Austria in the Hungarian rebellion of 1848, *The Dispatch* says:

"Holding such opinions as these in the case of Teleki, can any man think it possible that the English nation would submit to the rendition of Anderson? Suppose the man had escaped to London instead of Toronto. Suppose the British Cabinet had been called upon to adjudicate in the matter. How long would they have wasted? And even though they might think the case technically within the treaty, can any one for a moment doubt their decision? With America, above all other peoples, Great Britain desires to remain at peace; but, treaty or no treaty, 'there he is, and touch him if you dare,' would have been, if necessary, the reply to the infamous demand. No English minister, as he loves the honor of his country, as he would be saved from universal execration, hatred and contempt, would surrender a fugitive slave guilty of no other crime than that of winning his liberty by the death of his oppressor."

The London *Morning Star and Dial* of Jan. 3d. also speaks in a voice well adapted to stir the hearts of the English people and open the eyes of the Canadian Courts to the consequences which would follow a compliance with the demands of the Southern menstealers:

"The sacredness of British soil as an asylum for the fugitive slave is now in jeopardy. This is a circumstance which will occasion throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain a sensation no less profound than that which it has produced in that great province which is menaced with this new and appalling danger. Canada has hitherto been the safe refuge of the peeled and hunted fugitive slave. One hundred of these unfortunate human beings cross the boundary line every month. Fifty thousand of them form communities in the western division of the colony—men, women and children, who, having undergone hardships of which we, in free England, can form but a feeble idea, have hitherto been enabled to thank Heaven for the protection and liberty which a residence upon British territory has ensured to their race. These privileges—nay, let us rather say these sacred rights—are now imperilled. As far as the decision of the majority of the judges in the Canadian Court of Queen's Bench is concerned, it has been determined that a fugitive slave shall be surrendered to the criminal authorities of the United States—surrendered, not even with a view to his simple reënslavement, in which state he might still be blessed with the hope of one day recovering his freedom, but surrendered to certain death, and that, too, in its most horrible form. Shall this atrocious deed be enacted? Shall this infamous precedent be established? Shall the glorious boast of England that, with regard to men held as slaves—

> If their lungs receive our air,
> That moment they are free,

become a miserable pretence, a drivelling figure of speech? These are the questions upon which our kinsmen and fellow-subjects in Canada are required to give an answer; and these are the questions, too, upon which the opinion of the British people must be given with no uncertain sound, but with an emphasis and a unanimity worthy of the descendants of Granville Sharpe, of Clarkson, and of Wilberforce."

The opinion of Justice McLean, who, it will be remembered, dissented from the judgment of his associates upon the Canadian bench, is thus commended by *The Star and Dial:*

"Mr. McLean enunciated principles with which every Englishman will cordially sympathize. He declared that the slave, in endeavoring to make his escape, and in sacrificing the life of the man who sought by force and in a spirit of gross oppression to effect his capture, had committed no crime; that he had only obeyed a law of nature which had driven him to desperation. The learned judge laid down the doctrines of the British Constitution on this subject with a legal acumen which was only eclipsed by the eloquence with which he asserted those moral principles that underlie the whole question."

We quote still farther from the same paper:

"Can it for one moment be supposed that the Extradition Treaty was intended to include that unhappy class of human beings who were expressly exempted from the operation of a similar law twenty-four years ago? The fugitive slave is in a position analogous to that of a political refugee; and England might with as much justice deliver up to Austria or to Russia any brave and patriotic exile who, in order to achieve the freedom of himself and his race, had waged war against a tyrannical government, and, in the attempt, had destroyed some of its miserable myrmidons. The idea is too monstrous to be entertained.

"The friends of Anderson have appealed from the judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench to the Court of Error and Appeal, in which all the judges sit. There is, therefore, a hope that the decision may be reversed, and that the law of England, as well as the outraged feelings of the community, may be vindicated. If this appeal should fail, then, we are informed, it is possible that the question will be submitted to the Judicial Committee of Privy Council. In that case, we can await in confidence the judgment of that great tribunal—a tribunal which numbers a Brougham and a Lushington among its illustrious ornaments. But it is possible that this may not be done, and that a warrant may be issued for the return of the slave. If that catastrophe should happen, we know, from the example of what occurred at Niagara, nearly a generation ago—we know from the excited state of public feeling which exists throughout Canada—we know from the apprehension exhibited by the authorities when they stationed a powerful body of police, and piled up a stack of loaded rifles in the approaches to the court—we know, from these significant indications of a gathering storm, that the fugitive slave will not be permitted to return, and that the whole civil and military power of Canada will be powerless to consummate a tragedy from which human nature itself revolts. It is said, indeed, that the British government have already decided that the slave shall be given up—that the forced and iniquitous straining of the treaty shall be enforced. But without stronger evidence than that afforded by rumor, we cannot believe in what seems like a gross libel upon the appointed guardians of our national liberties. They would not, we feel sure, commit so gross an outrage upon public opinion, or deface, with such sacrilegious hands, that temple of freedom which constitutes the chief glory of their country."

Lord Palmerston, in reply to the demands of Russia and Austria for the surrender of Hungarian refugees, used this emphatic language:

"If there is one rule which more than another has been observed in all modern times by all independent States, both great and small, of the civilized world, it is the rule not to deliver up political refugees. The laws of hospitality, the dictates of humanity, the general feelings of mankind forbid such surrenders; and any independent government which, by its own free will, were to make such a surrender, would be deservedly and universally stigmatized as degraded and dishonored."

Surely if any class of refugees in the wide world have a stronger claim than another to the benefit of this rule, it is the fugitives from American slavery; and if the British government, upon technical grounds, shall refuse to recognize that claim, it cannot fail to incur the deepest indignation of the friends of freedom in all lands.

GERRIT SMITH AT TORONTO.

PETERBORO, January 20, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

AT the request of many of the prominent Abolitionists of America, Hon. Gerrit Smith has recently made two visits to Canada, in reference to the case of the fugitive slave Anderson, who, as your readers know, is now in prison under a claim by the United States government for his extradition. In the last of these visits I accompanied Mr. Smith. On his first visit, some little time since, Mr. Smith had an interview with Anderson in his prison, and conferred with many of the prominent friends of the slave in Canada.

Mr. Smith left home on Monday, 13th inst., reached Toronto on Tuesday, and in the evening of that day St. Lawrence Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity with an audience eager to hear the distinguished speaker, while hundreds were obliged to retire, unable to obtain admittance. It was an audience that any man might be proud to address, composed as it was of the earnest and intelligent citizens of Toronto, including in its numbers a large portion of the best educated people, many distinguished clergymen, and a large number of the members of the Canadian Bar.

At seven o'clock, Mr. Smith, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Willis, President, and Thomas Henning, Esq., Secretary of the "Canadian Anti-Slavery Society," T. G. Hodgins, Esq., Rev. Dr. Richardson, and others of the distinguished citizens of Canada, entered the Hall and was received with great applause. Dr. Willis opened the meeting with prayer, and then, in a few appropriate and eloquent words, introduced Mr. Smith, who was loudly cheered.

Mr. Smith commenced his speech by giving the reasons for his presence among them, and a touching description of Anderson's case. He then entered upon a close and thorough legal and constitutional argument in reference to it, examining with much minuteness the stupid, cruel, and utterly illegal decisions of Justices Robinson and Burns. He examined the "Extradition clause" of the "Webster and Ashburton Treaty;" cited the cases of the slaves of the brig Creole, and of the seven slaves who escaped, some years ago, from Key West to the Bahamas; quoted the debates in the British Parliament on the passage of the bill ratifying the treaty, and read the opinions and pledges given by the Attorney-General of England and by Lord Aberdeen on that and other occasions; spoke of the interview between Lord Ashburton and Messrs. Tappan, La Roy Sunderland and himself, on the day his lordship sailed from England, and of Ashburton's declaration that "Fugitive slaves were in no way whatever included in the Extradition clause"; and thus demonstrated that Anderson could be tried by British law only, and, by that law, must inevitably be set at liberty.

It was truly a magnificent effort, both for its keen analysis of the law points in the case, and the splendor of its illustration and delivery. I have often listened to Mr. S., but I have never before heard such sublime eloquence from his lips. The enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded, and it was indeed a treat to get, for once, away from the sneering and jeering of an American pro-slavery audience, and, even for one evening, be face to face with a people who are not ashamed of their love of justice, and who loathe slavery from the depths of their souls.

Mr. Smith spoke two hours, interrupted at frequent intervals with the heartiest applause. At the close of his speech, John Scoble made a few remarks, and then the entire audience rose and gave three cheers for "Gerrit Smith, Anderson, and freedom!"

The meeting closed with prayer, and then hundreds of the people gathered around Mr. Smith to take his hand and thank him for his noble words; and it was touching to see the fugitive slaves—some of whom he had helped on their way to Canada in times past—crowd around him with glistening eyes and grasp his hand with deep emotion. Take it all in all, it was a meeting almost without a parallel, one never to be forgotten by those who were present, and it will, doubtless, have a great influence on the final destiny of Anderson.

On reaching the street, three more cheers were given for "Gerrit Smith" by the crowd upon the sidewalk.

Immediately upon the rendering of the verdict of the Court in the Anderson case, the editors of *The Toronto Globe* took the matter in hand, and, in a series of very able and pungent articles, called the attention of the Canadian people to the injustice and illegality of such a decision; and Messrs. Willis, Henning, Hodgins, Richardson, Scoble and others of the leading men of the province, have been uttering in their efforts to awaken the public mind to a sense of the outrage upon law and justice which was committed by this verdict. In consequence of these efforts, several public meetings have been held in Toronto, Hamilton, and other places.

We did not have the pleasure of seeing the hero Anderson, as he had been removed to Brantford jail. While he was in prison in Toronto, the people treated him with great kindness. They furnished him, I understand, with a suit of clothes, and sent him many things to make his condition comfortable. There exists among all classes a warm sympathy for him, and no lawyer of any importance can be found who does not condemn the decision of the adverse Judges as an outrage upon justice and disgraceful to the fame of Great Britain.

Before we left Toronto, a lawyer there showed us an English law periodical, just published in London, which briefly reviewed Anderson's case and condemned the decision of the Court.

Under all the circumstances, it seems impossible that the brave fellow, whose only crime is that he dared defend his liberty and strike down the man-hunter, should be given up by British Courts to suffer a death by torture at the pirate hands of Missouri slaveholders.

It is not probable that Anderson's case will be brought up in the Court of Appeals till June next. Meanwhile, no honorable means will be left untried by the freedom-loving Canadians to have the infamous decision reversed.

The speech of Gerrit Smith has been carefully written out and published in *The Toronto Globe* of Saturday, the 19th inst. *The Globe* has a large circulation, not only in Canada, but in Great Britain also, and the able articles of the editors, and the speeches at the various meetings, have already been extensively read in England, and these will be followed by this very able argument of Mr. Smith. And thus the philanthropists of Great Britain will move in this matter promptly, and we can scarcely doubt that, in the end, British law will be fully vindicated and Anderson set free.

Yours, G. W. P.

THE YOUNG MEN IN THE CHURCH OF THE PURITANS.

YOUNG MEN'S ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
LEEDS, England, 15 Nov., 1860.

MR. HENRY A. HARTT, M.D.—*Dear Sir:* It is with feelings of the greatest pleasure that I hand you a copy of resolutions passed unanimously at a meeting of the above Society, held on Tuesday evening, November 6th, 1860. Will you kindly place it in such hands as will bring it to the attention of those for whom it is intended?

Perhaps, also, I may take this opportunity of expressing to you our great delight in welcoming to our English homes your brave and courageous pastor. Not only because of the high opinion we had formed of his personal merits, but because of the noble band of Christ's disciples whom he represents.

We have long watched your course as a Christian Church with deep interest, rejoicing in each success you have been enabled to achieve. The insidious slander of your enemies and the hypocritical and deceitful conduct *of your professed friends* have of themselves commended you to our sympathy and favor, whilst the noble conduct of Dr. Cheever, your pastor, who, amid storms of obloquy and reproach, has maintained a consistent warfare against all slavery or oppression, has filled our minds with admiration and esteem. It needs not that *The Independent* should instruct us in our duty, or that *The Observer* should rain a cloud of dust to blind our eyes. Their utterances receive a proper estimate at our hands, and their slanders recoil upon themselves with tenfold power.

We rejoice much in the position you have assumed in the anti-slavery struggle. It has long been asserted that the American Churches are the bulwarks of American slavery. Sadly has this proved but too true—but you are called to higher mission—to raise Christianity on to a more elevated and dignified platform, and to wipe away the reproach which has gathered upon the Churches of your country. It is needless that we should impress upon you to maintain the position you have assumed. *Never* let slavery pollute the sacred precincts of *your* sanctuary—*never* let the defiler plant his foot around *your* altar—never let the "abomination which maketh desolate" hide itself in *your* pavilion—and God will bless you, and the Christians of this country at least will sympathize with you, and ultimately, victory shrined in peace will be your heritage and blessing. Believe me, dear sir,

Yours, sincerely, WM. H. PULLEN, Sec'y.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That this Society hears with pleasure of the active and energetic support rendered to the Rev. Dr. Cheever, Pastor of the Church of the Puritans, New York, United States, in his conflict with the Slave Power, by the young men of his Church, who have ever stood by him in every season of trial. With increased joy do we record the fact of their being arrayed against slavery, feeling sure that, animated with a strong sense of Christian duty, they will, by dint of labor and perseverance, form an effectual barrier against that obnoxious spirit of oppression which is in America inoculating the whole Church with sin; and we would, therefore, with all sympathy and kindness, encourage them to continue faithful to a diligent discharge of their Christian duty amid a crooked and perverse generation, always abounding in the work of the Lord, until the abomination which maketh desolate be not only excluded from the Church but banished from the world.

WM H. PULLEN, JAMES WALKER } Hon. Sec's.

At a meeting of the Cheever Association of the Church of the Puritans, Dec. 13th, 1860, the above resolution was presented, and the following unanimously adopted in reply:

Resolved, That we, the members of the Cheever Association of the Church of the Puritans, hereby express our thanks to the Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society of Leeds, Eng., for its cordial expression of sympathy with us in the conflict in which we are engaged for the abolition of slavery and the unmuzzling of the pulpit on this great subject. We assure them that, by the grace of God, we will continue faithful to the principles of justice, freedom and truth, for which we are contending, and will uphold our beloved pastor in his faithful proclamation of the whole Word of God against the great crime and sin of our land, even to the end. We are confident that the sentiment of the young men of England would have a powerful influence on the minds of the youth of this country, and we call upon them to bring it to bear in every possible manner in behalf of four millions of our fellow-beings who are crushed under the heel of tyranny and deprived of every right, civil and religious.

THEODORE D. WARREN, President.

STEPHEN H. THAYER, Secretary.

CHURCH ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

A CONVENTION, under the auspices of the Church Anti-Slavery Society, convened in this city on Wednesday, Jan. 23d, in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, where it held two sessions, meeting afterwards (in the evening) in the Third Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street (Mr. Sloane's). William Goodell was chosen President, and the Rev. C. H. A. Bulkley, of Paterson, N. J., acted as Secretary.

Rev. Henry T. Cheever, of Jewett City, Ct., the Secretary of the Church Anti-Slavery Society, read an able address, showing the complicity of the American Church and Pulpit with slavery, and the need of such a Society as that which he represented. We are permitted to copy from this address the following passage:

"Another reason that has availed to induce the formation of a new Society is this: that there has not been, until now, any distinctively religious or Church organization against slavery, undenominational in its type. The American Anti-Slavery Society, formed in the year 1833, was indeed an outgrowth of Christianity, a natural product of the union of humanity with the spirit of the gospel; and it ought to have been adopted and guided by the Church, at the time of its formation, through the cordial cooperation and control of her representative men in the ministry of all denominations. For it was essentially a religious movement, and the men who founded it were men of prayer, and men themselves within the bosom of the Church.

"To that Society will doubtless be awarded in history the prime agency in this greatest of modern reformations. Honor to its wise founders, and to the brave, grand, heroic men who have perseveringly sustained it, and who have done so much, in the face of unrelenting opposition, to disseminate anti-slavery truth by means of it, and to keep the wrongs of the slave before the eye and the ear of the nation, and to defend and conquer the liberty of speech and of the press, for which the whole country and all professions, especially that of the Christian ministry, are so deeply in their debt. Their reward is with them, in the pioneer work which they have done so well, of cutting and clearing for the principles of freedom to grow—principles, which they, too, have been the men to plant with unsparing hand. Posterity will care for their fame. The future will raise their monuments more durable than brass.

"But the American Anti-Slavery Society, as a matter of fact, has not been the representative of the Churches. That is, Christian Churches and ministers have but in very few instances gone into it, or adopted it, as their vehicle of testimony against slavery. And in later years, especially, while the battle between liberty and despotism in this country has waxed warmer and warmer, and the necessity of united and organized action against slavery has become more and more apparent, there has been no effectual union of anti-slavery Churches and ministers in existence.

"It has long, therefore, been felt by many Christian people, that a visible organization was needed in the bosom of the Church itself, that should bear, without concealment or compromise, the testimony of the Word of God and of true Christianity against slavery, and should rally under its banner Christian Churches of every denomination in the United States, and should stand as the acknowledged exponent and organ of the true Church in behalf of the slave. To supply this existing deficiency in the circle of Christian benevolence, and to make the voice of the Church heard more effectively in the moral war with slavery, has been one object in this organization. Hence its name; hence its office."

The time of the meeting was chiefly occupied in discussing a series of resolutions, of which the following are a part:

Resolved, That the present audacity of slavery, in demanding what mankind has never been willing to yield, its acknowledgment as a normal, necessary and divine institution, and in requiring what has never before been demanded, a constitutional guarantee for property in man, and in insisting upon a right never yet allowed, "the right to root itself (in the words of Rev. Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans) wherever Providence and nature permit," is mainly owing to the practical infidelity, indifference or silence of those ministers and Churches that would not rebuke the sin of slaveholding, in the name of God, and under the authority of the Holy Scriptures, by refusing Christian fellowship with the slaveholder and with all defenders of slaveholding.

Resolved, That, as an antidote and offset to the late discourse of Rev. Henry J. Van Dyke on "The Character and Influence of Abolitionism," which we regard as an ineffaceable blot upon the Presbyterian pulpit, and which is now sedulously circulated in great numbers among the men of the North, as a cheap way of fulfilling the recent boast of certain arrogant politicians to the men of the South—"Give us time, and we will not only wipe from our statute books the offensive Personal Liberty laws, but we will repeal the very abolition sentiment of New England"—the friends of the Bible and of the enslaved are called upon to diffuse widely among the people such works as the late volume by Dr. Cheever, entitled "The Guilt of Slavery and the Crime of Slaveholding demonstrated from the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures," and the prize tract of the Church Anti-Slavery Society, showing how the Bible gives neither warrant nor allowance of chattel slavery, and the still later review of Mr. Van Dyke by Rev. J. R. W. Sloane.

Resolved, That this Convention, seeing clearly the hand of God in what we believe to be the judicial and retributive madness which has seized the South, and in the confused moral sense of clerical and political apologists at the North, are forced into the conviction that God is entering into judgment with the nation, for the long cherished sin of slaveholding; and from a deep sense of dependence on God only for a safe issue in freedom to our country, and to the enslaved portion of it especially, through the present distress, we earnestly recommend to the Churches, and to all praying people, that they observe a concert of prayer for the enslaved, and for our country, on the third Sabbath evening or third Monday evening of each month of the year 1861.

Resolved, That, in view of the increasing disposition, manifested by the revival of mob law in Boston, Philadelphia and New York, as well as its prevalence at the South, to restrict the exercise of liberty of speech, that dearest and most inalienable right of the citizen, and in view of the fact also that this same restriction, if suffered to proceed, is likely to end also in that of the press and the pulpit, thus destroying all the foundations of social, civil and religious freedom, we do most earnestly call upon every public adviser, every organ of opinion, every medium of popular communication, to lift up their voice and use their utmost power in staying at once this pregnant evil, and thus maintain the essential rights and principles of freedom.

Resolved, That, as self-preservation is the first law of nations as of individuals, the General government—whatever may be said of its power over slavery in the States during time of peace—has, in the present exigency, by the act of the Southern States, and by the express provision of the Constitution in case of rebellion or insurrection, the right to suppress rebellion and to abolish slavery, the cause of it.

Resolved, That we owe it to ourselves, as representatives of true freedom, and of its real spirit in the Churches of the North, to address a circular letter to the ministry and the Church of the South, that they may have a direct and impartial exhibition of our views respecting this system of bondage, and of their relation and duties thereto, and that a Committee be appointed to prepare said letter and obtain signatures to it for circulation among the clergy and Churches of the South.

The Committee appointed under the last resolution are the Rev. Messrs. Bulkley, Sloane and Mattison.

The discussions were spirited and interesting. Among those who spoke were Rev. J. R. W. Sloane, Rev. H. Mattison, Rev. C. H. A. Bulkley, Rev. Nathan Brown (editor of *The American Baptist*), and Edward Gilbert, Esq. John Rolles, a slave-driver for twenty years, but now a Christian Abolitionist, was introduced near the close of the evening meeting. He exhibited a diagram of the horrid instruments used in punishing slaves. The audience was deeply moved by the exhibition.

Many people have supposed that the hostility of the evangelical Church and ministry to the American Anti-Slavery Society was indicative not so much of enmity to abolitionism as of opposition to the alleged infidelity of some of the leaders of that Society. The Church Anti-Slavery Convention presented a fair opportunity to the orthodox people of this city to evince opposition to slavery without identifying themselves with those whom they regard as heretics; but they were no more willing to coöperate with that Convention than with the Garrisonians. Of all the evangelical clergy and laity of this city—Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, etc.—not a single man of mark, unknown heretofore as an Abolitionist, was present! Does not this show, beyond controversy, that it is not the "infidelity" but the *abolitionism* of the American Anti-Slavery Society that makes it odious in the eyes of the American Church and ministry? Now that this demonstration is complete, what is to be gained by keeping up an anti-slavery organization on a theological basis, from which many of the oldest and truest of the slaves' friends must be excluded?

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

THE London *Daily News*, of Dec. 31st., 1860, contains a "Review of the Year," filling nearly seven of its ample columns and evincing the clear insight which is a characteristic of that journal in its treatment of American affairs. We quote two brief passages for the edification of our readers:

"Nothing that has happened in Europe, or can ever happen in any European country, can be of greater consequence to human interests than the struggle which has come at last, after being long foreseen as inevitable—the struggle to overthrow or to maintain slavery as a national institution in a democratic republic. We have seen the decision of the great majority pronounced against it by the election of a Free Soil President, and we are witnessing the preparations of one or more States to leave the Union. It will not take many weeks of the new year, probably, to show how far the terms of the Union will be affected by a conflict which is altogether peculiar in involving no case. A regular, constitutional election on one side, and mere ill-humor, without any grievance, on the other, are the elements of the strife. This being the case, it is not wonderful that there should be little prospect of war. Servile war has been intercepted by political action; and civil war appears improbable; and thus this revolution, so long anticipated, may turn out well after all. It cannot but be better than going on with the policy of recent years till the national liberties were lost, and the republic of one century sunk into an armed despotism in the next."

"Nothing has happened more exhilarating to us and to them, and to their neighbors of the United States, than the generous and genial and graceful reception afforded to the Prince of Wales during his visit to the Colonies first, and the great Republic afterwards. In future years, all the countries concerned may trace many benefits back to their origin in the Prince's travels in 1860, under the guardianship of a Colonial Minister who went about with his eyes and his heart open. We, at least, feel that the honors of the occasion may be fairly divided between the hosts, the Mentor, and the young Telemachus."

THE SUFFRAGE VOTE.

THE following table exhibits the returns of the votes cast at the recent election in the State of New York upon the proposition to so alter the Constitution as to permit colored men to vote on the same terms as the whites; also the votes cast on the same question in 1846; and (for comparison) the votes cast for Presidential Electors in 1860:

	1860—NEGRO SUFFRAGE—1846.				PRESIDENT, 1860	
Counties.	For.	Against.	For.	Against.	*Rep*	*Fusion*
Albany	5,947	11,269	2,526	7,357	9,835	11,145
Allegany	4,677	2,929	1,487	2,754	6,443	2,539
Broome	2,613	3,287	799	2,979	4,554	2,876
Cattaraugus	4,755	3,655	1,800	1,552	5,955	3,409
Cayuga	5,722	4,257	1,636	5,302	7,922	3,954
Chatauqua	5,855	4,256	2,414	3,612	8,481	3,673
Chemung	1,511	2,970	686	2,082	2,949	2,478
Chenango	3,972	3,507	1,385	4,055	5,685	3,686
Clinton	2,838	3,190	1,744	651	3,961	3,370
Columbia	1,881	5,646	666	5,261	5,108	4,722
Cortland	2,865	1,860	1,770	1,604	3,893	1,712
Delaware	3,053	3,772	1,602	3,207	5,001	3,212
Dutchess	2,033	7,259	858	6,523	6,763	6,071
Erie	5,575	12,244	2,359	5,991	12,430	10,885
Essex	2,565	1,874	1,621	669	3,454	1,793
Franklin	1,903	1,733	1,160	813	3,103	1,402
Fulton and Hamilton	1,011	3,087	429 43	2,424 222	3,111	2,897
Genesee	3,127	2,114	1,563	2,019	4,464	2,456
Greene	548	4,530	234	4,143	3,137	3,534
Herkimer	3,414	3,702	1,442	3,156	5,302	3,362
Jefferson	6,073	6,470	2,791	4,536	8,796	5,531
Kings	5,534	23,399	1,491	5,869	15,883	20,583
Lewis	1,902	2,554	879	1,189	3,257	2,274
Livingston	3,248	3,374	1,381	3,696	5,178	3,261
Madison	5,391	3,271	2,837	2,502	6,289	3,216
Monroe	5,552	7,605	3,942	4,444	10,808	7,291
Montgomery	598	5,029	545	3,509	3,528	3,253
New York	10,483	65,082	5,137	29,948	33,290	62,293
Niagara	2,684	4,408	1,208	3,143	4 992	3,741
Oneida	8,455	9,685	3,877	5,952	12,508	9,011
Onondaga	8,590	7,680	3,379	5,228	11,243	7,222
Ontario	4,166	3,941	2,111	3,666	5,764	3,634
Orange	Not returned		453	6,112	5,898	6,011
Orleans	2,796	2,405	1,302	2,203	3,859	2,246
Oswego	7,420	5,518	2,972	2,167	9,076	5,414
Otsego	4,308	5,472	1,437	4,975	6,543	5,061
Putnam	104	1,372	32	1,382	1,243	1,325
Queens	481	5,763	70	3,218	3,749	4,392
Rensselaer	5,750	8,609	2,880	4,571	8,464	8,421
Richmond	145	2,530	55	1,161	1,408	2,370
Rockland	60	2,472	49	1,286	1,410	2,369
Saratoga	2,084	5,490	852	4,986	59900	4,552
Schenectady	552	2,215	383	2,006	2.154	1,994
Schoharie	1,021	4,639	324	4,190	3.279	4,213
Schuyler	1,745	1,866	NewCounty		2,551	1,708
Seneca	1,778	3,246	742	2,705	3,025	2,990
Steuben	5,382	5,880	1,341	5,445	8,250	5,023
St. Lawrence	8,899	4,443	2,585	4,867	11,324	4,007
Suffolk	981	4,190	239	2,772	3,756	3,519
Sullivan	405	3,383	207	2,259	2,944	3,170
Tioga	2,371	3,063	747	2,050	3,760	2,743
Tompkins	3,124	3,291	1,325	3,597	4,348	3,026
Ulster	1,316	8,719	323	6,932	6,775	6,252
Warren	1,962	2,128	995	772	2,719	1,970
Washington	4,733	3,691	3,327	2,220	6,173	3,482
Wayne	4,331	4,289	1,621	3,625	6,668	3,938
Westchester	1,198	9,447	225	5,303	6,771	8,081
Wyoming	3,568	2,560	2,035	1,491	4,498	2,390
Yates	2,458	1,594	1,085	1,979	3,014	1,466
Total	197,503	337,984	85 406	224,336	362,646	312,510

It will be seen that the aggregate vote for Colored Suffrage in 1860 is greater than that in 1846, by 112,097; the *increase* being greater, by 26,691, than the whole vote of 1846.

The negative vote, we are sorry to say, is increased somewhat more than the affirmative, being greater in 1860 than in 1846, by 113,648.

The majority against Colored Suffrage in 1846 was 138,930; in 1860, 140,481; increase, 1,551.

The Counties that have given majorities for Colored Suffrage (in 1860) are Allegany, Cattaraugus, Cayuga (the residence of Mr. Seward), Chatauqua, Chenango, Cortland (where that faithful friend of the slave, Rev. W. H. Fish, has worked so effectually), Essex (John Brown's County), Franklin, Genesee, Madison (the residence of Gerrit Smith), Onondaga (the residence of Rev. Samuel J. May), Ontario, Orleans, Oswego, St. Lawrence (where Silas Wright's memory is cherished), Washington, Wayne, Wyoming, Yates.

The vote of 1860, compared with that of 1846, in the rural portions of the State, indicates a growth of right sentiment that is quite encouraging. The increase of the anti-colored vote is almost exclusively in the cities and large towns, where prejudice is rampant and groggeries abound, and large masses of voters are ignorant and degraded. Thus in this city, while the aggregate of votes for and against Colored Suffrage was *less* by 20,018 than that for Presidential Electors, the majority on the former issue was *greater* than on the latter by 25,596. The vote against Colored Suffrage here is greater, by 2,789, than the Fusion vote for President—showing conclusively that many Republicans voted that way. The same comparisons would no doubt show similar results in Albany, Schenectady, Utica, Rochester, Buffalo, etc. Many of the Republican leaders in all these places proved false on this question, keeping it out of sight as much as possible during the canvass, and then neglecting to provide affirmative ballots for the use of voters when they came to the polls. The Democrats, on the other hand, provided all their voters with negative ballots. A comparison of the anti-Republican Presidential vote with that cast against Colored Suffrage, County by County, shows a slight uniform increase of the latter over the former; from which we infer that the Democracy and their allies voted solid on that side, while in nearly every County a portion of the Republicans voted the same way.

If the question had been voted upon in 1859 instead of 1860 (as but for an error in the State Department it would have been), the result would probably have been far more favorable. The Democracy and their allies stirred the anti-negro feeling to the very bottom, while the Republicans directed all their efforts to the Presidential issue, taking very little notice of the Suffrage question, or openly opposing the proposed amendment from a fear that they could not sustain it without exposing Lincoln to the danger of defeat.

The day, we believe, is not far distant, when the people of the Empire State will reverse the decision now made and admit the blacks to the polls on equal terms with the whites.

TWO FACES.

HERE are two passages from the Albany *Evening Journal*—one of them published in 1857, the other in 1861. They need no comment to make their inconsistency more apparent. Read:

1857.

Seven years ago an elderly gentleman of the White House wrote his name at the bottom of a document which, he blandly assured the nation, would be

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE BOSTON RIOT.

ANOTHER access of the Mob-fever has seized upon the country. Or, rather, upon the North—for at the South, it is the chronic, if not the normal, condition of the section. Sanguine persons have all along been willing and ready to hope and believe that the North had outgrown the distemper and that it would never again set in. We have never been of this number, for we have always regarded these outbreaks of popular violence as inevitable as long as slavery exists, or, at least, as long as the Union endures. They spring from precisely the same state of mind that leads to the lawless violences in the slave States. Slavery furnishes the inspiration, and the poor whites, the white trash—not always poor, as men count poverty, at the North—do the dirty work their betters bid them. Nothing can cure the disease but the removal of the first cause, slavery, or of the second, the interest which the Union gives the North in slavery. The Northern mobs, and their promoters in the best broadcloth, are but the *Sbirri* of Naples, the *gens d'armes* of Paris, the police of Vienna, who do the work of tyranny for certain pay and provant, and whose existence must endure as long as the tyranny they subserve.

We have given in our columns for some time past accounts of anti-slavery meetings broken up by mob-violence in various parts of this State, of Connecticut, and elsewhere, and this week we put on record the crowning villany in this kind up to the present time. The official account of the way in which the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society was robbed of its utterance and its hearing in Boston will be found in another place, and will speak louder of the infamy of the parties concerned in it than can any comment of ours. For the first time since the Society was gathered, now on the brink of thirty years, have its sessions been broken up in the capital of Massachusetts. Disturbances more or less have often accompanied its sessions, but never to the extent of putting a violent end to them. And for a good many years its assemblies have been as quiet as those of the American Board of Commissioners. This year, the old virulence, after sleeping for a quarter of a century, has broken forth again with a fierceness fully equal to that of the ebullitions of 1835. Premonitions of its coming fury had been seen in the John Brown mob of December Third and the attempts to break up the religious services at the Music Hall whenever Mr. Phillips was to conduct them, but the full violence of the storm, and the hopelessness of protection from it at the hands of the authorities of the city or of the State, were not perceived in their full force until Thursday of last week. Then, after two sessions, disgracefully riotous through an organized and disciplined mob, the Hall which the Society had hired for their Anniversary was shut in their faces and the object of the mob accomplished for them by the act of the Mayor, Mr. Wightman.

The meeting opened in apparent tranquillity. The introductory religious exercises and the preliminary business met with no interruption, and those present flattered themselves that the flourish of trumpets which the enemy had sounded before themselves would only serve to attract a larger audience than usual. This effect it certainly had, for there has seldom been so large an auditory at the opening session of any previous meeting. And this of persons really desirous of assisting at the Anniversary. But this was only because the troops had not rallied in force so early in the day. It was soon evident that the body-guards of slavery and the Union were on duty. As soon as the Rev. James Freeman Clarke had got into the thick of his speech and began to come to close quarters with the Power they served, their loyalty began to make itself manifest by growing demonstrations of disorder. But when Mr. Phillips began, the hubbub rose louder and louder, and, for a large portion of his speech, it drowned every word that he said to any ears more remote than the Reporter's table. And after he had finished, neither the philosophic calmness of Mr. Emerson nor the fiery zeal of Mr. Higginson could gain more than an occasional and fragmentary hearing. Though the actors in the morning's drama were chiefly young lads, yet there were to be seen men of maturer years and of good standing in society giving them countenance and encouragement by their presence and approbation. The battle was begun by the light troops and skirmishers thrown forward as a cover for the heavier armed forces who were kept in reserve.

In the afternoon, the proceedings again began in quietness and Mr. Burleigh had been making his logical blows tell on the enemy, like Charles Martel upon the Saracens, for a good season before they aroused its fury, or perhaps before it had gathered in force. Then, however, it raged in good earnest and during his speech and that of Mr. Hoyt, the youthful counsel of John Brown, and it was only now and then by good luck, or in a moment of consentaneous exhaustion, that a sentence could be heard. And every sentence that could be heard, it may well be believed, only helped to make the flame burn more fiercely. The character of the mob was perceptibly changed and a larger proportion of older and more desperate persons than had made up that of the morning could be detected among them. The riot was at its height, the crowd surging towards the centre from the edges and hurling down the cushions from the galleries on the heads below, and howling in a manner worthy of Pandemonium, when his Honor, Mayor Wightman, entered upon the scene. He appealed to the rioters as his very noble and approved good masters, and before long commanded silence enough to be heard. He then stated that he held in his hand a letter from the Trustees of the Tremont Temple requesting him to disperse the meeting. This was received with shouts of applause from the mob and with exclamations of incredulity from the platform. This last knew the Trustees too well to believe them capable of such a breach of faith. And when the Mayor, though refusing to show the document, proceeded to read it, it was evident that they knew the nature of the contents better than he did. It was a simple statement of the fact of the riot, and a request that he would disperse the rioters and protect the property of the Trustees.

We think that this was an honest misunderstanding on the part of Mr. Wightman, for, as soon as he discerned the real nature of the demand made upon him, he came to the Vice-President in the chair and asked him what he wished to be done. That officer replied that he wished the front gallery to be cleared, that being the stronghold of the rioters. This the Mayor directed to be done. After it was accomplished he asked the Chairman what else he required. He was told a sufficient force of police to keep order, and a responsible officer to call upon should further measures be necessary. Both were furnished. The Mayor then gave the meeting into the hands of the Chairman, acknowledging the lawfulness of its object, but suggesting that no meeting should be held in the evening. On being assured that it was most improbable that the Society would consent to forego their evening session, the Mayor told the Chairman that the responsibility would rest on him, which he readily accepted, the Mayor promising a sufficient force of police to preserve order. Mr. Hoyt then resumed his speech, and the meeting proceeded with no more interruption than is allowed in an excited meeting. There was no organized disturbance to prevent anything being heard, such as would make a further dispersion necessary. The back of the riot, for the time being, had evidently been broken. When Mr. Hoyt ended the Society adjourned until the evening. Up to this point the Mayor had performed the part of a good magistrate, while within the walls of the Temple, and had he continued in the same well-doing, his foolish talk to Messrs. Hayes and Heywood, at their interview with him the week before, would have been forgotten.

Unfortunately, for his sake as well as that of the Society, he took other counsels. When these last came to their Hall, they found it shut against them by his orders, on the pretence that he had intelligence of an attack designed upon the meeting which he took this means to prevent. That such an attack was probable we can well believe; but we apprehend that the persons to be dispersed were the rioters and not the peaceable objects of the riot. From the experience of the afternoon we think it certain that as many policemen as were then employed would have sufficed to prevent actual violence. Certainly, a military company in waiting near by would have done so. At any rate, it was his clear duty to protect, to the utmost of his power, a lawful assembly of citizens, and not to disperse it. Had all his power been insufficient to save it from harm, he would have been free from blame, and the persons composing it would have met the consequences as best they might. After this high-handed violation of their rights, the Society declined using the Hall the next day, and exposing themselves to the indignity of being turned out of their own doors by the Mayor, or having them shut in their faces. And herein we think they did only what a decent self-respect demanded of them. They could not recognize his right to put them out of their own premises when he thought fit, by acknowledging his right to let them in again at his pleasure. Thus the Annual Meeting of the Society was brought to an end by the Mayor doing the work of the mob for them, by illegally preventing it from being held according to their plan. It should be added that the policemen who were in attendance, previous to the appearance of the Mayor, were passive spectators of the riot, having been instructed, as we understand, to remain so unless actual violence was attempted. This only encouraged the rioters, of course, in the work they were doing. One of them, on being asked why he made no arrests, said, that if he did, he should be dismissed from the force, as the rioters were the friends of the Mayor. If permitted to do so, we believe they would have been ready to do their duty. We have no room, were it necessary, to consider whether the conduct of Mr. Wightman in the premises was the result of the vacillation of a weak mind or of a guilty complicity with the outrages of the mob. We think he can hardly escape one horn or the other of this dilemma.

Hopes had been entertained, after the extraordinary statements of the Mayor to Messrs. Hayes and Heywood, in advance, as to what his course would be, that Governor Andrew would feel it to be his duty to extend that protection to citizens of the State, in the exercise of a plain constitutional right, that the Mayor of Boston had declared he should not afford. We understand that His Excellency had expressed his readiness to do so, the week before. But, upon maturer consideration, he came to the conclusion, that he had no right to call out the military to keep the peace in Boston, unless upon a requisition of the Mayor, and that he had no authority to command the Sheriff of the County to do so, because that officer is elected by the people and not appointed by himself. While we cannot question the conscientious sincerity with which Governor Andrew holds these opinions, we are compelled, with all possible deference, to doubt their soundness. And we regret that he should have lost an opportunity like this, which comes to a man but once in a lifetime, of doing an action which would have won for him the admiration of the great mass of the citizens of his State, and of the weight, and, we believe, of the numbers of his city and of the world. Sure we are that his predecessor would have rejoiced in the occasion, and would not have suffered these particular scruples to hinder him from seizing it and making it the means of a dashing and brilliant success. We cannot but think, that a successor of Samuel Adams, Caleb Strong and John Brooks were more appropriately employed in defending Freedom of Speech trampled under foot, in the streets of his capital, than in putting his militia in order for service against the Seceding States. A proposition, in its terms infinitely more exasperating to the South than anything the Abolitionists could have said, while practically it is as mere a *brutum fulmen*, as if it were one to assist the Man in the Moon against an insurrection of Lunarians.

The Society, our readers will see elsewhere, despatched its business at its Rooms on Friday morning, and adjourned. Had the House of Representatives been pleased to grant them the use of their Hall, as was kindly moved by Mr. Fiske of Sherburne, of his own mere motion, they would have held a parting Session that night. But as it was refused, they went their way, well satisfied that they had done their duty, and well assured, from their long experience, that their cause was better promoted by the violence they had suffered than it would have been by the most patient and successful hearing they could have had.

CLAY IN THE HANDS OF THE POTTERS.—On the 19th of December, Cassius M. Clay, writing at his home in Kentucky to a friend in Indianapolis, after reviewing the condition of public affairs, announced his judgment as to the duty of the Republican party in the following terms:

"What shall I say? What shall I do? I listen—I hear the voice of conscience—the voice of God—of the great dead: 'The man dies, but his memory lives.' 'Give me liberty, or give me death!' Well, then, I think old Ben. Wade's speech in the Senate is the true ground. Let us stand with and by him to the end. 'The Constitution, the Union, and laws—they must be preserved.' With old John Adams, 'living or dying,' I stand by the declaration."

Within twenty-four hours after the publication of this letter in the New York journals, the telegraph proclaimed that Cassius M. Clay was in Washington urging the Republican members of Congress to back down from their resolution to follow the advice contained in his own letter! This is *his* mode of "standing by the declaration." Why this sudden change of front? Our belief is, that Mr. Clay, having been disappointed in his aspirations to the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency (for he was weak enough to hope for, if not to expect, a nomination to one or the other of these places at Chicago), went to Washington to look after his chances for a seat in Abraham Lincoln's Cabinet. The "potters" of compromise there, understanding the point of his ambition, took him in hand, and, having flattered him with the idea that *they* would secure his appointment to the coveted place, easily moulded him to their will. In basely consenting to the expulsion of John G. Fee and his associates from Kentucky, Mr. Clay hoped to smooth his way to a nomination at Chicago; but he was disappointed there, and he *may* be disappointed in the results of his more recent treachery.

FREE SPEECH AT NEWTOWN, PA.—The announcement of Theodore Tilton's lecture at Newtown, Pa., on Friday evening, 26th ult., called forth from certain democratic circles significant threats that he would not be allowed to speak. To some of the public placards advertising the lecture was appended a notice that unmerchantable eggs would be in demand. The respectable people of Newtown, indignant that any attempt should be made to conquer free speech, turned out in great numbers, and crowded the hall to its utmost capacity. Mr. Tilton spoke nearly two hours, with no other disturbance than some noisy demonstrations outside the building. His subject was, "Some Things that need to be changed."

RHODE ISLAND DISGRACED.—The Legislature of Rhode Island has repealed the Personal Liberty law by large majorities in the two Houses, thereby placing the State in a most humiliating attitude. The slaveholders, so far from being placated by such subserviency, feel the utmost contempt for the cowardice it exhibits. Rhode Island is ruled by the lords of the spindle, most of whom are at heart in affinity with the Southern lords of the lash.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Phonographic report for THE LIBERATOR by J. M. W. YERRINTON.

ON Thursday, January 24th, at 10 a. m., according to appointment, the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society met at the Tremont Temple. At this hour the house was nearly full with as quiet and orderly an audience as could be desired, very many of whom were ladies. There was scarcely an indication of the riotous proceedings which followed. But at 11½ o'clock, the gallery at the rear of the hall had become densely filled with a noisy and vulgar crowd, others of whom pressed in at the corner doors beneath the gallery, to the great inconvenience of those sitting there. They interrupted the speakers by groans and howls from time to time, giving occasionally three cheers for the Union, by way of variety.

FRANCIS JACKSON, the President, called the meeting to order. Rev. SAMUEL MAY, Jr., from the Committee of Arrangements, then proposed, as Assistant Secretaries, Charles K. Whipple, Wendell P. Garrison, and James M. W. Yerrinton; and also the following Committees:

Committee to Nominate the Society's Officers for 1861—Edmund Quincy, Dedham; William Ashby, Newburyport; William Whiting, Concord; Benjamin Snow, Jr., Fitchburg; George Draper, Milford; Elias Richards, Weymouth; James M. Aldrich, Fall River; Joseph Ricketson, New Bedford; Josiah Hayward, Salem; Thomas J. Hunt, Abington; J. B. Swasey, Boston; Charles E. Hodges, Dorchester; Joseph A. Howland, Worcester; Lemuel Stevens, Plymouth; Jacob Leonard, Boston; William I. Bowditch, Brookline.

Business Committee—William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Maria W. Chapman, L. Maria Child, Mary M. Brooks, Sarah E. Wall, John T. Sargent, Charles C. Burleigh, David Lee Child, Adin Ballou, T. W. Higginson, Andrew T. Foss, Henry C. Wright, Frederick Frothingham, E. H. Heywood, John H. Stephenson, H. Ford Douglass.

Finance Committee—Samuel May, Jr., James N. Buffum, Ebenezer D. Draper, Nathaniel B. Spooner, Elbridge Sprague, Miss Sallie Holley, Mrs. Benjamin Snow, Jr., Mrs. Frances H. Drake, Mrs. E. M. Randall, Joseph Merrill, Wm. L. Garrison, Jr.

Rev. SAMUEL MAY, Jr., then read the 94th Psalm, explaining that it was selected at the request of Mr. Garrison, who had not yet recovered from his illness.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. ROBERT C. WATERSTON.

The Treasurer, EDMUND JACKSON, read his Annual Report, as follows:

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, in account with EDMUND JACKSON, *Treasurer.*

1860.	DR.		
Jan. 1.	To cash paid expenses Annual Meeting.	$ 158	75
"	" paid Francis Jackson, Treasurer American A.-S. Society	5,842	95
"	" expenses 4th July at Framingham	34	05
"	" paid J. M. W. Yerrinton, for reporting	71	00
"	" donation to Wm. Still	100	00
"	" 50 copies of *Liberator* sent to members of Congress	56	00
"	" moving to and fitting new Office	239	37
"	" R. F. Wallcut, one year's salary	445	04
"	" S. May, Jr., Gen. Agent, five mos.,	295	05
"	" E. H. Heywood, Gen. Agent protem., seven mos. and expenses	599	43
"	" C. C. Burleigh, lecturing and expenses	198	70
"	" A. T. Foss, lecturing and expenses	638	40
"	" C. L. Remond, lecturing and expenses	92	08
"	" Sallie Holley, lecturing and expenses	353	20
"	" office rent, one year	586	77
"	" printing, posting and circulating petitions	55	50
"	Balance	1,234	24
		$11,200	53
1860.	CR.		
Jan. 1.	By balance in Treasury	591	31
	Contributions at Annual Meeting	527	14
	Proceeds of Fair at Abington	100	00
	Proceeds of Fair at Lynn, 1858	47	58
	Col. at New England A.-S. Convention	299	19
	Collections 4th July at Framingham	84	20
	Collections 1st August at Abington	82	30
	Twenty-sixth National A.-S. Subscription	5,842	95
	Rent of office in Cornhill for the unexpired term of lease	150	00
	Received from pledges, subscriptions and donations, as published monthly in *Liberator*	3,468	86
		$11,200	53

Jan. 1, 1861.—By balance to new account 1,234 24

EDMUND JACKSON, Treasurer.

Jan. 16, 1861.—I have examined the foregoing account, and find the whole amount received and paid, and the balance now in the Treasurer's hands, correctly stated, in the above abstract. WM. I. BOWDITCH, Auditor.

The Report was accepted.

EDMUND QUINCY, Esq., then read the following letter from Mr. Garrison:

LETTER OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

BOSTON, January 24th, 1861.

MY DEAR COADJUTOR: For the last eighteen days, I have been a prisoner at home, enfeebled by a fever of a low, typhoidal tendency; and though I am mending slowly, I am still not sufficiently strong to justify me, as a matter of common prudence, in being present at our annual State gathering to-day. "The spirit is willing," and restless for liberation, "but the flesh is weak." I believe this will be the first of the long series of Anniversaries held by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, which I have failed to attend—held "through evil report" and "much tribulation"—in storm and sunshine—in the midst of impending violence, or with undisturbed composure—but always held hopefully, serenely, triumphantly. It is a great cross to me to break the connection at this crisis; especially as, judging from "the fury of the Adversary," the meeting, to-day, will be the most encouraging and the most potential ever held by the Society, whether broken up by lawless violence, or permitted to proceed without molestation. The cause we advocate being not ours, but God's—not ours, but human nature's—appealing to all that is just, humane, noble and true, and upheld by an omnipotent arm—it is beyond all defeat, unconquerable and immortal; therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

May a divine patience, firmness, and spirit of peace be vouchsafed to all the friends of impartial freedom who may be present at the meeting to-day, not returning railing for railing, but looking calmly and joyfully to the end of this tremendous conflict with the powers of darkness—namely, the liberation of every bondman on the American soil, and thenceforward the commencement of an era of universal reconciliation, happiness and prosperity, such as the world has never yet witnessed.

Yours, to break every yoke,

EDMUND QUINCY, Esq. WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

On motion of Mr. QUINCY, it was voted that this letter be printed with the proceedings of the meeting.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., made a partial report in behalf of the Business Committee, presenting, from them, the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That (to quote the language of Daniel Webster) "the anti-slavery question has not only attracted attention as a question of politics, but it has struck a far deeper chord. It has arrested the religious feeling of the country; it has taken strong hold of the consciences of men. He is a rash man indeed, little conversant with human nature, and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country, who supposes that a feeling of this kind is to be trifled with or despised. It will assuredly cause itself to be respected. It may be reasoned with; . . . but, to coerce it into silence—to endeavor to restrain its free expression—to seek to compress and confine it, warm as it is, and more heated as such endeavors would inevitably render it—should all this be attempted, there is nothing in the Constitution, or in the Union itself, which would not be endangered by the explosion which might follow."

2. Resolved, That (to quote the language of William Ellery Channing) "whoever injures a man, binds all men to remonstrate, especially when the injured is too weak to speak in his own behalf. The great bond of humanity is the last to be dissolved. . . It is important that we should, each of us, bear our conscientious testimony against slavery; not only to swell that tide of public opinion which is to sweep it away, but that we may save ourselves from sinking into silent, unsuspected acquiescence in the evil."

3. Resolved, That (again to quote the language of the lamented Channing) "communities are without excuse in aiding other States in binding on men an unrighteous yoke. On this subject, our fathers, in framing the Constitution, swerved from the right. We, their children, at the end of half a century, see the path of duty more clearly than they, and must walk in it. . . The free States ought to say to the South, 'On you the whole responsibility of slavery must fall. We wash our hands of it wholly. We cannot, directly or indirectly, become accessaries to this wrong. We cannot become jailers, or a patrol, or a watch, to keep your slaves under the yoke. You must guard them yourselves. If they escape, we cannot send them back. Our soil makes whoever touches it free. You must guard your own frontier. In case of insurrection, we cannot come to you, save as friends alike of bond and free. On this point you are foreign communities. You have often said that you need not our protection, and we must take you at your word.'"

4. Resolved, That (to quote the language of the Representatives of the District of Darien, Georgia, in the first American Congress), "to show the world that we are not influenced by any contracted or interested motives, but a general philanthropy for ALL MANKIND, of whatever climate, language, or complexion, we hereby declare our disapprobation and abhorrence of the unnatural practice of slavery in America (however the uncultivated state of our country, or other specious arguments, may plead for it)—a practice founded in injustice and cruelty, and *highly dangerous to our liberties, as well as lives*—debasing part of our fellow-creatures below men, and corrupting the virtue and morals of the rest, and is laying the basis of that liberty we contend for (and which we pray the Almighty to continue to the latest posterity), upon a very wrong foundation."

5. Resolved, That (to quote the language of Henry Clay) "those who would repress all tendencies towards liberty, and ultimate emancipation, must do more than put down the benevolent efforts of this Society. They must go back to the era of our liberty and independence, and muzzle the cannon which thunders its annual joyous return. They must revive the slave trade, with all its train of atrocities. They must blow out the moral lights around us, and extinguish the greatest torch of all, which America presents to a benighted world, pointing the way to their rights, their liberties, and their happiness. They must penetrate the human soul, and eradicate the light of reason and the love of liberty. Then, and not till then, when universal darkness and despair prevail, can you perpetuate slavery, and repress all sympathies and all humane and benevolent efforts among freemen, in behalf of the unhappy portions of our race who are doomed to bondage."

Whereas, it is the 1st Article of the Constitution of Massachusetts, that "ALL MEN ARE BORN FREE AND EQUAL, and have certain natural, essential and inalienable rights; among which may be reckoned the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties; that of acquiring, possessing and protecting property; in fine, that of seeking and obtaining their safety and happiness"; and

Whereas, in support of this declaration, the people of Massachusetts require of their Senators and Representatives, and judicial and other public servants, to make solemn oath or affirmation; thus virtually binding themselves by the same adjuration, and to the same end; and

Whereas, all the abolitionism ever advocated by the American Anti-Slavery Society, or any of its auxiliaries, is comprehensively embodied in this 1st Article of the Constitution of Massachusetts; therefore,

6. Resolved, That the people of this Commonwealth cannot reject or assail the anti-slavery movement, with reference either to its principles or aims, without repudiating their own Bill of Rights, subverting the foundations of their own State government, trampling upon their own heaven-attested doctrines, and covering themselves with the guilt of moral perjury.

The reading of these resolutions elicited frequent cheers.

The President, FRANCIS JACKSON, said that the question was now on the adoption of these resolutions, and that the platform was open to any one who desired to speak, for or against them. The rule of the Society was free discussion, and he requested any one who wished to speak to come forward to the platform.

Speech of Rev. J. F. Clarke.

Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, pastor of the Church of the Disciples, was the first speaker. He said:

They, being dead, yet speak! I am glad to hear a speech from Dr. Channing here this morning. I am glad to hear Daniel Webster speak, as he spoke when he was in his best estate. I am glad to hear Henry Clay speak here to-day, as Henry Clay spoke when in his youth, when he loved freedom, and when his heart beat high in behalf of human liberty. They are gone; we remain. We are to finish their work. We are here to be faithful to their ideas. What is life worth, what is it good for, if it is not to see the truth, and to uphold some principle of truth, justice and honor?

We come here to-day, friends, because the times are dark, and because, in these dark times, men are trying to make them darker by shutting out the eternal lights which come from God's heavens (applause). Because they would substitute for these everlasting lights of justice to all, and freedom for all, some base, earth-born, swamp-created meteors of mere expediency—which is *not* expediency, even for the present hour (applause). I have come here to day, not hoping to be able to add a word to what all of you, old veterans in the cause of freedom, know already; but I come to give my simple witness in defence of those everlasting principles. I do not want to hear anything new here to-day. I want to hear the same great truths which you have been uttering now for twenty-five years, uttered over again to-day in this hall (applause).

When I was asked, some time since, to attend the meeting in commemoration of the work of John Brown (applause and hisses), though I reverenced John Brown (renewed cheers and hisses)—though I believed him to be, perhaps, the noblest man which this country has produced (vehement hisses and loud applause), a man in whom truth and justice were incarnated (A VOICE—"Amen"—applause and hisses), so that we beheld them in visible form before our eyes, yet I did not come, and I did not wish to come. I did not think it well to hold that meeting (applause). I did not think it desirable at that time. I said, "No, I had rather not attend;" and I did not come. But if I had known what was to happen here that day, I certainly would not have stayed away (loud applause and some hissing). If I had supposed, for a moment, that an attempt was to be made, here in Boston, to put down, any honest expression of opinion; upon that or upon any other subject, in a meeting of that kind, certainly I never would have hesitated, for a moment, to come here, and stand with those men on this platform (cheers and hisses). Whatever else we can spare here in New England, we cannot do without free speech (loud applause): That lies at the foundation of all our rights—of everything that is worth having in the land. He who strikes a blow at Wendell Phillips strikes a blow at the State of Massachusetts.

[Tremendous applause, with some hissing, was the response to this declaration. Some one here called for three cheers for Mr. Phillips, which were given with great heartiness, the opposition in the gallery responding with a few feeble groans.]

Mr. Clarke continued—Whoever attempts to interfere with freedom of speech here in Massachusetts, spits in the face of the mother who bore him. Whence comes all your prosperity, but from that divine principle which has been won for us all by the struggles and the martyrdoms of the ages? [The disturbance in the gallery here becoming uproarious, Mr. Clarke paused for a moment and then said]—Don't mind them. If they want to make a noise, let them! It reminds me of a story I have heard of a woman who was beating her husband, and when somebody asked him if he was not ashamed to let his wife beat him, the man said—"O no! it amuses her, and it don't hurt me" (laughter). So, if they want to make a noise, let them do so, till they are tired. Freedom of speech we all believe in, except when somebody wants to speak who has something to say which is not popular, and then we don't want to hear it. But what is freedom of speech worth when what I have to say is popular, when everybody is willing that I should speak? The only time that we are bound to stand up for freedom of speech is when those who want to speak are unpopular. Then noble-hearted men say, "They shall speak; they must speak; our rights are involved in their speaking; the rights of man are involved in their speaking" (applause and hisses). The only real difference between Massachusetts and Austria is, that in Massachusetts we can open our mouths and speak, and in Austria they cannot. That is the real, fundamental difference between Massachusetts and Austria. I remember that, when I was on the Lago di Maggiore, I was talking with the boat-man who was rowing me—a noble-looking fellow—an Apollo-sort of a man—about the two sides of the lake—the Austrian side, Lombardy, and the Piedmontese side, Sardinia; and I said to him, You row on both sides—which side do you like best, the Lombardy side or the Sardinian?" "Oh," said he, "I like the Sardinian side much the best." "Why?" "Because," said he, with his natural Italian language of illustration, "because there, in Sardinia, my mouth is open—so; but there, in Lombardy, it is shut—*so*." That is the difference. When you pass out of those States of Europe where liberty is repressed, where the newspapers are not allowed to utter their convictions, where there is no freedom of speech, and cross the line into Belgium or into Sardinia, you find at once an entirely different state of things—everything then is prosperous and progressive. Why, John Milton, and Locke, and Algernon Sidney, have built up the prosperity of Massachusetts by putting the foundations under her cotton mills—have made all her little villages ring with the joy of triumphal and successful industry, and the conquests of man over nature, because they convinced the Anglo-Saxon race that the mouth of a man ought to be open, even when he is defending unpopular truth. That is the basis of all our prosperity; and, therefore, I am here to-day, because *to-day* we are told that anti-slavery is unpopular; and when my friends said to me, "You had better not go there to-day," I replied, "Why not?" "Why," said they, "is not this a wrong time, is not this a bad time, to hold a meeting of that sort?" (Applause and hisses). "Why, so? Because people wish to put it down, therefore it is the right time to hold it. What is the use of contending for freedom when nobody opposes its exercise? When its exercise is opposed, then is the right time to stand up for it" (applause).

This Anti-Slavery Society is not doing a new thing in maintaining freedom of speech. On this platform, for twenty-five years, the slaveholder has been just as free to defend slavery as the Abolitionists have been to oppose it.

[The rowdies in the gallery here set up a shout of "All up!" and gave three cheers for the Union, for Mayor Wightman, and anything else that occurred to them. The well-disposed portion of the audience also rose, to see what was going on, when Mr. Hinton, mounting a chair on the platform, said—"Let all the friends of freedom keep their seats. Don't stir from your seats at any rate." This request was complied with, and when the noisy rabble had become somewhat quieted, Mr. Clarke proceeded.]

If there is any man in this assembly to-day who thinks that slavery is a good thing, he ought to be the man to protect the right of free speech here; for this is the place where, for twenty-five years, his opinion has had a chance to be uttered and defended. I come here to-day for that—because this is the place where freedom of speech in Massachusetts is to be defended; and I say, as I once heard Mr. Manning of the Old South Church say, when he went to a meeting of this sort, to which, he said, his friends had advised him not to go, "Yes," he said, "I will go; for though my gun is a small one, and doesn't make much noise, I don't want to have it spiked" (laughter and cheers).

Then, again, I come here because this is the only place where anything is said in behalf of four millions of my countrymen who are in bondage. [Cries in the gallery, "Down with the niggers," and groans for John A. Andrew.] This is the only place where any thought is given to God's children who are marked with a darker color than ours. We hear everything else discussed—all other rights considered. Everything that belongs to the interests of the white man is talked of everywhere else; but where, except on this platform, does any one remember the four millions of slaves? Why, if you ask me what is to be the result of the present state of things in this country, I will give you the answer I heard the other night. "It depends upon who God cares for the most at the present time; whether God is thinking most of the white man or the negro." If God is caring to-day for the negro in the United States more than for the white man, then I believe that disunion is to be the result, because disunion is to be the emancipation of the slave (loud applause and hisses). But I believe the South are right in a good many things that they say. I do not come here as one who hates the South, or who hates the slaveholder. We are told that because we love liberty, therefore we hate the slaveholder (noise in the gallery). We do not hate the slaveholder. Because we hate the evil that a man is doing, does it follow that we hate him? Because we hate the wickedness of a man, does it follow that we hate the man? I know very well that if Northern men had been placed under the same circumstances that Southerners are, they would have been very much the same kind of people, and done very much the same kind of things. If you or I had been born in South Carolina, we should, very likely, have been mad to-day for secession, in order to prevent slavery being put down. We do not, therefore, hate them, because they are made what they are by the circumstances around them; we pity them. But I say that we at the North, who have been educated under other circumstances, and taught to love freedom and justice for all, are bound, for the sake of the slaveholders themselves, never to give up those principles of justice and freedom, but to maintain them, and mainfain them more and more, to the end (applause). It is not merely for our own sakes, or for the sake of the slave, that we are holding these meetings, but it is for the sake of the slaveholder too. He is a man who is crushed down by his iniquitous system, and in order to help him, we must stand up for justice and liberty (cheers). There are tens of thousands of Southern men, born and raised in the South, educated in the South, slaveholders, perhaps, themselves, who do not love slavery, who know its evils, and know them better than we do, because they have felt them longer and more closely. When the anti-slavery sentiment of the North is lowered one jot, they mourn. They say, "Stand up firm to your principles at the North, for your principles are our only reliance." They feel the need of us, they feel the need of the anti-slavery sentiment; and it is for the sake of those thousands and tens of thousands of men and women at the South, who feel the need of the protecting, increasing, magnetic sentiment of freedom, that we hold these meetings, as well as for the slaves themselves (applause).

Friends, we are looking forward to a probable separation, or secession, of the South from the North. The time seems to be hurrying on that result for which this Society has contended for many years—Disunion. When that result comes, when it shall be settled that the slaveholding States are to go by themselves, and the fifteen free States of the North, with the addition of our sister Kansas, another free State, are to go by themselves, what is to be the consequence? You say, "Civil war." Civil war? Civil war may come—we cannot tell what may come. Civil war may come; but it seems to me that these fifteen magnificent free States, this grand new Union, which is to rise as the eagle soars from the earth toward the sky—this Union, composed of fifteen States, on whose soil there is not the foot of a slave, united together by common convictions, common principles, and common interests—it seems to me that it will be so strong that no nation will venture to attack it, and so just that it will not attack any other (applause and hissing). I see no danger, except from concession—except from yielding up our principles. I, for one, am ready to say to the Southern States, "Go in peace!" I am ready to say, "Take, if you choose, all the national property in your domain; take the forts; take the arsenals; take Washington, too, if you choose—take all; but let *us* stand together, a united, free nation of independent States, without slavery (hisses). We can give you everything but our freedom and our rights."

I have said all I intended to say, and I will not detain this meeting any longer this morning (loud applause).

Speech of Wendell Phillips.

Mr. PHILLIPS then took the platform, and was greeted with a prolonged and enthusiastic shout of welcome, which testified not alone to the hearty sympathy of the audience, but to the fact that an overwhelming majority of those present were loyal to the right. The rowdies in the gallery cried out, "All up!" and hissed and groaned to the extent of their power, but their feeble noise was speedily drowned in another storm of applause. Mr. P. said:

Mr. CHAIRMAN, I had hoped to address this meeting at a later hour, and that some other friends would have taken the centre of the morning; but in consequence of their occupation elsewhere, I shall trouble you now, and leave them the latter part of the session.

I am sorry that our series of resolutions, necessarily imperfect at this time, deal only in general principles relating to the cause. At a subsequent session, we hope to lay before you some resolutions distinctly referring to the principles and method of this Society; for, after all, this is a meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society to-day—a body whose thirty years of history have settled its place and influence upon Massachusetts.

[At this point, Mr. Phillips was interrupted by the turbulent spirits in the gallery with cheers for "Wightman," "Bell and Everett," "Clay," groans, hisses, catcalls, "All up," yells, and all sorts of "sounds infernal." For fifteen minutes or more, this scene continued, Mr. P. uttering a sentence, now and then, in a lull, which even then, however, was not audible beyond a few feet from the speaker. Of course, anything like a connected speech was impossible, under such circumstances. We give the sentences as they fell from his lips.]

Mr. President, we stand to-day with the country itself, as far down as Mason and Dixon's line, one half converted to the maxims of this Society. [After a long pause.] The devil always goes out of a man in great wrath (laughter). I remember once, ten years ago, in Faneuil Hall, when we stood on the platform for two hours, and did not utter a word—and it was the best meeting we ever held (applause by those who could hear). Conceited as we are thought to be, no man on this platform can make a speech equal to that—[pointing to the gallery] (applause). But there is a better speech even than that to-day. South Carolina speaks for us (applause); and our argument on this question is poor and vapid in comparison with hers. For, after all, the question is not free speech. You and I shall live and outlive that many years. My free speech will take care of itself, or I will take care of it (applause). We come here to-day to let Washington see what Boston thinks of this crisis, and that we want her to declare that, Constitution or no Constitution, Union or no Union, against the law or with it, the Southern States, so long as they be slave States, shall be shovelled out of this Union (loud applause and hisses). We not only accept the crisis, but thank God that it has come so soon (applause and hisses). I am sorry for every merchant whose ledger balances on the wrong side. I am sorry for every laborer who has lost a week's or a month's wages; and if his Daniel Webster, and his Caleb Cushing, and his Edward Everett, had listened to us thirty years ago, this trouble never had come on the country. [A VOICE, "Never!" and applause. Then the gallery screamed itself hoarse for Webster and Everett, and other idols of their worship.] State street may thank her own idol, if she is bankrupt to-day. [More cheering for Webster, for the Union, and cries of "Put him out," interspersed with whistling and singing.] Oh, Mr. Chairman, we have plenty of time! We have this session, this afternoon and evening, and three to-morrow. No occasion to hurry in the least! (Laughter.) South Carolina is waiting to hear from us (cheers for South Carolina). The Southern States say that when they have organized their confederacy, they mean to leave New England out in the cold. Well, we shall be glad to be there. I am only sorry that my friends there (pointing to the rioters) are out in the cold. Now, ladies and gentlemen, this is a very momentous question——

[Here the reprobates in the gallery struck up the song—

"We are going home,
We are going home,
We are going home,
To die no more,"

—which gratifying declaration they repeated, again and again, but did not go. Instead of that, they struck up another equally interesting lyric, which, as near as we could make out, ran in this wise:

"Tell John Andrew,
Tell John Andrew,
Tell John Andrew,
John Brown's dead."

Then these model patriots and lovers of Union gave three groans for General Scott, and amused themselves with imitating the sounds of the barn-yard and the cries of the street. At length, Mr. Phillips was enabled to speak again.]

This is the largest anti-slavery meeting, said he, at ten o'clock in the morning, that I ever saw in the city of Boston. Six weeks ago, a hund

have uttered pervade Eastern Massachusetts. It is no matter whether we number two hundred, one hundred, or fifty. The very meeting of this body, in defiance of all the wealth of the city, is a victory. The mob cannot shut us out of this hall, though they may be able to conquer our voices. If we cannot live by law, we cannot live at all. This question is not one of argument, or eloquence, or words; with State street it is a mere question of dollars. But South Carolina knows that, in the long run, dollars do not rule in this country, but ideas rule. You know very well that Daniel Webster represented the dollars of Massachusetts. Edward Everett, to-day, represents the dollars of Massachusetts. He can be indorsed by every bank president and by every manufacturing corporation in Massachusetts; but they are not able to turn Charles Sumner out of his seat (applause). They may make money, but they cannot make public opinion; wealth is not the fountain of public thought.

[Here Mr. Phillips addressed himself for some time, in a moderate tone, to the reporters and friends immediately round him—a proceeding which seemed to provoke the rowdies at a distance to a curious silence.]

Abolitionists, look here! Friends of the slave, look here! These pencils [pointing to the reporters] will do more to create opinion than a hundred thousand mobs. While I speak to these pencils, I speak to a million of men. What, then, are those boys? (Applause.) We have got the press of the country in our hands. Whether they like us or not, they know that our speeches sell their papers (applause and laughter). With five newspapers we may defy five hundred boys. Therefore, just allow me to make my speech to these gentlemen in front of me, and I can spike all those cannon (applause). Why, if I should write out my speech, and give it to *The Atlas and Bee*, I need only stand and laugh at yonder noises. My voice is beaten by theirs, but they cannot beat types. All hail, and glory to Faust, who invented printing, for he made mobs impossible! [Applause.] I appeal from the cradles of Boston to the press of the Commonwealth. These boys have got a holiday. Let us be glad their masters gave it to them. They only mistook the place to come to. The Common is the place for Election Day, not Tremont Temple. But what we want to send out to the country is the fact. You know that when the Billingsgate fish-women of Paris came into the galleries of the National Convention, they simply resolved that they were in perpetual session. Well, while newspapers are printed, so are we. Now, those fellows cannot last but one morning, while the Abolitionists can talk till doomsday. They have an unending gift of free speech (groans for the Abolitionists). Those boys have been singing, "We are going home," for some time; and if our speeches are so unpalatable and vituperative, I wonder they do not go. The doors are all open. But, after all, friends, let us rejoice in this hour. Twenty-five years ago, half in whispers, with bated breath, in halls that would hold two hundred people, we cried DISUNION; and to-day, the Rocky Mountains bring back the echo, and thirty States are sundered in the effort to free the slave (loud cheers). We debated, thirty years ago, whether we could raise ten thousand dollars in order to print anti-slavery tracts; now, the Charleston *Mercury* and the Louisville *Journal* print them for us (applause). Poor fellows! [pointing to the rioters] they have no organ—we have conquered *The New York Herald*.

They say one man is a majority, when he has right on his side; I have got three thousand on my side. [Tumult in the gallery, during which Mr. Phillips paused, and then said]—Do not be impatient, ladies and gentlemen, it is only ten minutes to twelve; there is time enough. Time will do everything. It will bring South Carolina back into the Union a free State (applause). We are not going to lose one of the old thirteen. We are going to conquer them all to freedom. I mean, before I die, to have all the thirteen States in the Union, without a slave (applause). My disunion means, simply to get rid of the slaveholders. I want the son of every black man who fought with Washington inside my Union, and I know that the 384,000 blacks of South Carolina are the sons of the Revolution. The stars and stripes shall yet protect them in liberty (applause). Only wait; we shall worry out these boys. This is Boston; we will appeal to the Commonwealth in a moment or two; that is a very different scene. I understand the State House has begun to move, and got as far as half way down Park street; and when the codfish comes, look out, for we shall have quiet. *Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.* That means—Free Speech (applause). We will have it yet. Massachusetts is not conquered; the capital is not owned by State street (cheers), and whoever is Mayor of Boston, John A. Andrew is Governor of the Commonwealth (prolonged cheers). I do not despair of the Commonwealth.

[Three groans were given for Gov. Andrew by the crowd in the gallery, which were followed by three cheers for Mayor Wightman. Then some one called out "Three cheers for Wendell Phillips," which were given with an emphasis.]

Mr. Phillips—An Abolitionist is a happy man, to have such a cheer as that, and a mob besides (laughter and applause). I hope all my blessings won't come at once. [A VOICE—"Go ahead: we've got them where the hair is short." This remark called forth uproarious laughter from both sides].

Mr. Phillips resumed—Oh, we have been through a great many such scenes as this. There is always a calm after a storm. You will find after this, that every Representative from Massachusetts on the floor of Congress will stand so straight that he will lean backward (applause and hisses). I am told that Charles Sumner said, a fortnight ago, that he had more reliance on South Carolina than on Massachusetts to help us in this crisis (applause by the mob). He will rejoice when the Commonwealth comes down like a vulture, and sweeps that gallery where it belongs—into the calaboose (applause, groans for Charles Sumner, and hearty cheers). Well, friends, we ought to be very generous. The conquerors should allow the conquered to complain as much as they please. When, twenty years ago, we began our labors, Edward Everett was at the top of the ladder. To-day, this Society, after twenty years of argument, sends Charles Sumner (hisses) into the Senate, and Edward Everett at the head of a Committee (cheers for Everett). We have turned things upside down, and got them right side up. [A VOICE—"Why didn't you send Burlingame?"] To-day, Sumner represents Massachusetts, and Everett and Winthrop—we have taken them down from that elevation—they represent the Merchants' Exchange (applause).

Now, gentlemen, allow me to make one exceedingly serious and timely suggestion to you. It is more than likely, that within a short time, the civil authority will enter this hall; and allow me to suggest, in order that it may be known who are our friends and who are not, that the friends of this platform will, as far as possible, keep their seats and preserve silence (cries of "Good" and applause).

[This statement and request of Mr. Phillips had an instantaneous effect on the mobocrats, who became almost entirely quiet, and remained so, with only occasional interruption, to the close of Mr. Phillips's speech.]

Mr. Phillips—And now, having secured a little temporary quiet, suppose we go back to the consideration of the question which assembles this Society this morning, which is, the abolition of American slavery. There exists, as you know, ladies and gentlemen, in this fragment of the Union—several States having quitted it—the Gulf States having almost or entirely parted, and only the border States and the Mississippi States left to us—there exists, at this moment, throughout the North, the question, what mood of mind shall we present ourselves in to our Southern brethern? How shall we let them understand the position of the North? Our delegates in Congress—those from New England certainly—have done their duty like men. It is understood that the speech of Mr. Seward was read to them a week before its delivery, and repudiated (cries of "Good," cheers and hisses). New England said—"We wish no compromise—we will allow none. We have walked up to this spot by the toil of a quarter of a century. We are ready to meet the South on the broad question of abolition. We settle the whole question here. Either let it be laid out of politics, by the mere territorial settlement, or we settle the question on a broad basis." They are not for any compromise, whatever. Now, what message shall Boston send to that faithful body of men? How shall we who are not fettered by the responsibilities of party, who represent not party lines but the plastic opinion outside of them—represent, not the temporary moment, but the coming future—how shall we speak, at this hour, to the Union? I say it in no conceit, but in verity, and from sincere conviction. New England does the thinking for one half of the Union. We have sent our children to the valley of the Mississippi, and they look back to our codes and our great men for their models, for their examples. They look to our press, and largely to our pulpits, and entirely to our colleges, to send them the best thought of the age. We hold the magnificent West, with its unlimited wealth and its coming omnipotence, in our right hand. "Westward the star of empire takes its way." How shall it be wielded? Shall the slave rest in silence, hopeful that from the conscience of the North will come the cause of his jubilee? It is for us at this hour to save the masters from the bloodiest insurrection that ever occurred. It is by standing on the Northern basis, and demanding that this source of weakness and danger, that this national sin, that this convulsive element, which threatens to, or has already dismembered the Union, shall be treated by statesmen. I have no word of censure for the great Senator of New York, still less, a word even of doubt for the incoming President of Illinois (cheers and hisses). I believe that, like an honorable man, he means to keep, and has told his friends to say that he means to keep in office the promises that were made for him in the canvass—and while Abraham Lincoln lives, and, spite of the rage of the men South of Mason and Dixon's line, he will live to be buried in the gratitude of the North, twenty or forty years hence (applause)—while he lives and dictates law to this country from the White House at Washington, as he will, on the 5th day of March, and if it cannot be done otherwise, Illinois will cover every square foot of the District with a living man and Republican (loud applause)—while he lives, I have faith to believe that not one blade of grass, not one atom of the soil of the Territories shall be poisoned by the footsteps of even the compromise of a slave. So much this Society has gained; and the rock which the third of a century has rolled up the mountain height is not to tumble back at the bidding of a mob. There it stands, anchored on the votes of eighteen hundred thousand freemen, who send Abraham Lincoln to Washington to do their bidding, and it will be done (applause). This is no boys' play. The babies of Carolina are not to speak to the great Northwest (cheers). They are to be quiet in their cradles, and we will see that they are rocked to sleep; and meantime, Northern care and foresight shall tuck them up nicely, so that they shall not take cold (applause and laughter).

Our fathers pledged their odious and hateful oaths to their damnable conspiracy in 1787, that the slave of the Carolinas should be deprived of the right arm that God gave him in order to defend himself. They glued to the scabbard the sword of insurrection, and thereby they made it tenfold my duty never to let my tongue rest from demanding justice for the man they had disarmed. I stand here to-day to atone, by the sacrifice of a life, as far as possible, for the sins of my father (applause and hisses), and every man who loves his father is bound to be here to-day (applause). [A VOICE—"Three cheers for his father." ANOTHER—"Three cheers for the Union."] Well, we are here, friends, to make those cheers deserved. We are here to make the Union worthy of cheers within hearing of Fanueil Hall (applause and cries of "Good.") We are here to wipe out the three-fifths slave basis, the slave clause of recapture, the pledge against insurrection, and every black stripe from the parchment of 1789; and when we have done it, we will go down to that old cradle of liberty, and invoke Adams, and Otis, and Hancock to come and listen to our repentance, and to our jubilee together (applause). But it is here we are to perform the lustration. Every lie bears bitter fruit. No sin can be wiped out in an hour. The mistakes of a generation are not gotten rid of in a night? "Our fathers ate sour grapes, and our teeth are set on edge." State street managed and intrigued; she sent her representatives to get John Hancock swathed in flannel, to make it possible for Massachusetts to adopt the Constitution of 1787. The free thought of Massachusetts rejected it. The men from the country spit upon it. What were called the Democrats of that day trod it under their feet. State street—the men who made money by trade—went to Hancock, solemn and stately, in his Beacon street mansion, and said to him—"We cannot save this. The conscience of Massachusetts rejects it." And the old pet of the people put on his flannels, took his crutches, and came down with a compromise (God curse all compromises!) and made Massachusetts a member of the Union (applause and hisses).

[A VOICE FROM THE GALLERY—"God curse the man who said that!"]

Mr. Phillips—Well, it is natural that State street should hang on to her child. It is natural that she should be fond of the pet that she cradled, and has brought up to this manhood. And it is natural, too, that short-sighted Wealth, timid, shrinking from every change, should imagine that if she gets rid of South Carolina, it writes bankruptcy on her ledger. But I maintain that Massachusetts does not make money merely because South Carolina whips negroes. I maintain that the brain of the Yankee can compel the tribute of the world, and the thrift and cunning of our right hands can make us rich, spite of Virginia and the Carolinas too (loud applause). We are bound to prove that honest labor can stand on its own feet, without the help of the aristocracy of the white race, or the slaveholders of the Carolinas (renewed cheering). Graduate of the free schools of Boston, as I am, I am bound to prove, in the face of Europe, that "Honesty is the best policy," and that America can prove it in the face of the world (applause). I am bound to prove that it is possible to make a man's bread here without stealing it; and I am certain that, with that great West, that populous Ohio, that magnificent New York, to back us, and welcoming Canada into our lap, we can still, even if the South leaves us, for a time, maintain a power to which the South will gravitate back gladly before you and I are old. Yes, those boys will hardly pass their majority, will hardly be entitled to vote, before you will see Carolina coming back, to put her star on the national banner, and live again under the stripes. We are not going to be separated. The Mississippi binds us like a glorious ribbon of gold. We cannot be divided permanently. It is nothing but the poison of slavery that occasions this temporary convulsion. The Sumters and the Marions are ours. The Rutledges, the Lees, and the Pinckneys, where are they? Under the feet of some nameless rascals who are undertaking to-day to represent South Carolina. Virginia has gone under, and there is nothing but bubbles on the surface. We will dig down under it, and find the ashes of Patrick Henry, and so call Virginia back to her duty (applause). If it is necessary, as in the days of the Crusaders, we will take the dust of Washington from his tomb on Mount Vernon, and Everett shall follow it, as we carry it through those fifteen States, and make them, on their knees, be as good an Abolitionist as he was (applause).

No, we have not lost a country. These puny representatives are not Americans, that run to Washington and South Carolina to see that they kneel in the dirt (loud applause). The history of the past, the grand school of the events of sixty years, have not produced only *such* men in Massachusetts. Under farmers' frocks and standing beside spindles, and over the blacksmith's anvil, and smelling the sweet oil of the ploughshare, there are yet descendants of Paul Revere and James Otis, who will save Massachusetts from the canker of her own gold (prolonged cheering). I believe in the possibility of liberty, and I will never be convinced that sixty such years as we have passed can create only a community of cowards. This Society will yet hold its sessions peacefully; every speech will be listened to; and when we go out from this hall on Friday night, we shall go out with the thanks of Boston, for having redeemed it to decency (loud and prolonged applause).

DAVID LEE CHILD—"I propose three cheers for the conqueror." They were given.

[Want of room compels us, much against our inclination, to defer the remainder of the proceedings of the Massachusetts Society till next week.—*Editor.*]

GOOD NEWS FROM ENGLAND.—We have grouped on the first page some of the utterances of the British Press in relation to the Anderson Extradition case, now pending before the Canadian government. As indications of British opinion and feeling they are very encouraging; but we have now to record the fact, that the Court of Queen's Bench in London, upon the application of Mr. Edwin James, founded upon an affidavit made by Mr. Chamerovzow, the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, has issued a writ of *habeas corpus* to bring the prisoner to Westminster Hall. This writ, if it has not already arrived in Canada, is, of course, on its way over the sea; and we may expect soon to hear that Anderson is on his way to London. The chance of the slaveholders getting their clutches on him after that, will grow "small by degrees and beautifully less," we apprehend. We wonder if the new Administration at Washington will seek to placate the South by demanding his surrender from the British government?

Our Boston Correspondence.

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

BOSTON, Jan. 27th, 1861.

THE daily papers have already made known to you what stirring times we had in this city last week. An unusually large number of persons were possessed with evil spirits, many whereof had two or three kinds at one and the same time. These unclean spirits tore the possessed, and convulsed them sore, causing grievous outcries and howlings, and manifold contortions of body and limbs; yet went not the devils out of them! Perhaps this persistency of possession may indicate much, and long continued, and grossly aggravated sin, on the part both of them and their fathers.

In the order of time, I should speak first of a pleasanter topic than the raging of these possessed ones, though the latter also, like all other things, will work good to the righteous, and their cause.

The Twenty-seventh National Anti-Slavery Subscription-Anniversary, held in the Music Hall, was a complete and distinguished success. I will say only, in advance of the accustomed full description which you will soon receive, that, in numbers, it even exceeded the large gathering of last year; that life-size portraits of Garrison and Phillips were added to the accustomed decorations of the balconies; that, in consideration of the inevitable continuity of social chat in a reunion of so many friends, the music of a fine orchestra was substituted for public-speaking; and that the harmony of the occasion, of both sorts, was uninterrupted and complete.

This celebration took place on Wednesday evening, and many friends from other and distant places came, not only for its sake, but to attend the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, which was advertised to be held at the Tremont Temple, on the two days and evenings following.

The gathering on Thursday morning in the Temple was the largest morning meeting we have ever had, except perhaps last year, when a special effort was made to secure a large attendance at the opening session by advertising several distinguished speakers for that particular time. Now, the advancing success of our cause, and the shaking of the whole country, and of each particular department of its interests, by the frantic struggles of slavery to reinstate itself, answered the same purpose. Our worst foe, indifference of the public in regard to slavery, is dead and buried, without hope of resurrection.

At ten o'clock, the time appointed for the opening of the meeting on Thursday, the great hall was three quarters filled, and filled by friends, half of them, as usual, being women. It was plain that no one had thought fit to emulate the infamy of Richard S. Fay and J. Murray Howe by preoccupying the hall, clamoring down the peaceful persons who had hired it, and then impudently pretending to *be* the meeting which they had violently displaced. All the opening services, the Report of the Committee of Arrangements, the choice of Secretaries and various Committees, the reading of the impressive Psalm which Mr. Garrison had selected in his sick room, the prayer offered by Rev. Robert C. Waterston, the Treasurer's Report and its acceptance, the reading of an excellent letter from Mr. Garrison, the vote that it be published with the proceedings of the meeting, and the reading of five resolutions by Wendell Phillips (a report, in part, from the Business Committee), all passed in silent attention, except that the appearance of Mr. Phillips caused enthusiastic applause, followed by a few hisses from the outskirts of the meeting.

James Freeman Clarke, pastor of the "Church of the Disciples," first rose to speak, and was received with applause, which was redoubled when he named John Brown with honor, and repeated yet more vigorously when he referred to Wendell Phillips as identified with the honor and the welfare of Massachusetts.

During these exercises more had been coming in, and the remaining space in and under the deep gallery which forms the base of the hall was now filled. Groans and outcries from this region, following the applause at the mention of John Brown's name, showed that a large portion of these last comers were enemies, and that their purpose was to interrupt the proceedings of the meeting by their clamors. They continued to make occasional interruptions through the whole of Mr. Clarke's admirable speech, sometimes obliging him to make a considerable pause before he could again be heard.

Wendell Phillips, who next came forward to speak, received from the audience the heartiest and most affectionate of greetings. As the oceanlike sound of this welcome subsided, the groans and yells of the enemy were again heard, and were continued for some time.

This rabble was different in its composition from the crowd which assaulted the John Brown meeting. The well-dressed merchants and clerks of that occasion were very sparingly, if at all, represented here. They seemed to have sent their porters and errand-boys, with such rowdies as could be raised from the streets and wharves; and these hirelings knew their place well enough to stick to the rear of the hall, yelling, groaning and bellowing at intervals, but keeping as far as possible from the platform. Probably, indeed, none of them were capable of accepting the invitation given by the President, Francis Jackson, at the opening of the meeting, requesting those who wished to speak, whether for or against the resolutions, to come to the platform for that purpose. Reasonable language was perhaps altogether beyond their power. Yells seemed their vernacular, and the imitation of the lower animals their chief acquirement.

Who, think you, was the first person selected by these delicate monsters to be honored with three cheers? No other than Edward Everett. They had learned the name by rote when North street joined with Beacon street in electing Mr. Appleton, and they now repeated it familiarly and correctly. But inarticulate bellowings seemed most congenial to them, and with these they frequently interrupted Mr. Phillips's speech.

About the middle of the forenoon, as if efforts had been made to send a reinforcement of rowdies, a crowd burst in at the two corners under the gallery, violently pressing forward the former occupants of those places. These joined with their yelling brethren above in giving—Three cheers for the Union—Three cheers for Crittenden—Three cheers for the Union—repeating the last several times. When these demonstrations paused for breath, Phillips said—"Poor Union!"—and then vociferous groans and bellowings were renewed.

As the uproar thus made entirely prevented the mass of the audience from hearing, Mr. Phillips continued to speak in a moderate voice, saying that the reporters would give him a far larger audience, and that the howlings which now prevented a thousand or two from hearing would awaken the interest of tens of thousands to read.

About 12 o'clock a report came that the High Sheriff of the County, with a force, was on his way to the meeting. Mr. Phillips stated this rumor to the audience, at the same time requesting the friends of good order to keep their seats and preserve silence.

After this, the mob made only occasional interruptions, and Mr. Phillips ended his speech in comparative quiet.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Concord, was the next speaker. The three hearty cheers given for him by the audience were followed by cheers from the mob for the Union, repeated and continued so as to postpone, and often to interrupt, his brief speech. He, however, closed it in quiet, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of Worcester, who followed him, spoke comparatively undisturbed, though uttering radical and energetic truths, until the hour of adjournment arrived.

The mob immediately evacuated their position, and ranged themselves in the street, merely making insulting comments upon the audience as they passed quietly out.

In the afternoon the meeting again assembled, and the mob again crowded the obscurer and remoter parts of the hall.

Mr. Quincy, one of the Vice-Presidents, occupied the chair, and read a letter of resignation from the President, Francis Jackson, who said that ill health, and the infirmities of advancing age, prevented such fulfilment of the duties and responsibilities of that office as he would wish to give. This letter was referred, by vote, to the Committee on the nomination of officers, and Charles C. Burleigh proceeded to address the meeting.

He spoke at first without interruption. When he intimated that violence should not be used to restrain the seceding States, but that it was now best, for the benefit of all concerned, to "let the Union go"—a storm of hisses came from the rioters; and when he afterwards counselled that "no compromise" with slavery be made, and that "no line to the Pacific" should shamefully guarantee the continuance of that wickedness on its Southern side, the yells and hisses were long continued. Three cheers for Webster, and three for the Union succeeded, and these performances were repeated, alternating with howls and bellowings, until Mr. Burleigh ceased, after speaking more than half an hour. During the latter part of this time, the mob seemed greatly annoyed by the quiet manner in which the speaker ignored their interruptions, speaking continuously, with no more effort of voice than would make him audible to the reporters. His speech was an admirable one, as you will see in the official report.

During the latter half of Mr. Burleigh's speech, policemen had made their appearance in the gallery, quietly working their way among the crowd, so as to be interspersed through the whole mass of rioters. It seemed as if the Mayor had decided, however late, to fulfil his duty, and remove the disturbers, and that the police had taken a position in which they could act efficiently for the preservation of order. Soon, however, it appeared that this numerous body of policemen had no orders to act. They stood among the rioters while these were disturbing the meeting by alternate howlings, songs, and cheers for the Union, and even by throwing long cushions from the gallery seats down upon the heads of the audience below, without a single movement of interference. Indeed, a policeman told one who inquired why he did not arrest a disturber who was close at hand, that this would be only the signal for his own dismissal from office; that men of wealth and influence were the upholders of the mob; and that it was well understood among the police that these rioters were not to be interfered with.

About 4 o'clock Mayor Wightman appeared in the hall, and after many ineffectual attempts to obtain silence, succeeding in obtaining it sufficiently to address the rioters, and then requested them to hear the presiding officer *whom they had elected*. Whether or not his Honor adhered to the truth in his subsequent remarks, this was an unquestionable fact. Mayor Wightman's election had been made sure by just such people as these, and these, with their Beacon street and State street coadjutors, had chosen him for just such work as the disturbance of this meeting.

He proceeded to say that he had received a letter from the Trustees of the hall, desiring him to clear it, and to put an end to the meeting.

There were immediate cries of "False," "False," on the platform, where several of the Trustees stood, with the officers and members of the meeting, and a call was made for the reading of the letter.

His Honor complied with this demand and read the letter aloud, which proved clearly to be a request of the Trustees for the removal of the rioters, and not of the audience.

Even this timely manifestation of the truth did not shame the Mayor into acting like an honest man and a just magistrate. It merely changed the oppressive and tyrannical command which he came to utter into a request. He requested the officers of the meeting and their friends on the platform to withdraw from the hall. They replied that they were there in their own right, conducting their lawful business in an orderly manner, and demanded of him that he should exclude the disturbers, and enable the Society to proceed with its business.

Finding them fixed in this determination, Mayor Wightman had not the impudence further to gainsay it, but ordered his police to clear the galleries, which contained the main body of the rioters. Those insolent rascals, when the mandate was made known to them, called out to the Mayor to clear the platform first. The order had been given, however, and the thing was done, in the course of three quarters of an hour, the police *making no arrests*, but ejecting the mob without the slightest difficulty, thus showing what they could have done in any previous part of the day, had the Mayor chosen to order it.

Many ladies and others, members of the Society and of the meeting, were sitting in the side galleries when the above order was given. Most of these were turned out by the police, with the rioters. But before the last of them were sent away, the Mayor bethought himself to give an order which he should have given long before, that the ladies, and gentlemen accompanying them, should be permitted to remain in the galleries!

When this expulsion was completed, and the gallery doors secured, his Honor turned to Mr. Quincy, the acting President, and inquired if he wished the rioters beneath the gallery turned out. Mr. Quincy answered that they were now quiet, and that, as long as they continued so, he would much prefer to have them remain. In reply to questions by Mr. Quincy, the Mayor then acknowledged that the meeting was a lawful, orderly and proper one, and had a right to be protected in the transaction of its regular business. His Honor then retired, leaving thirty of the police, under the charge of a lieutenant, at Mr. Quincy's orders.

At 5 p.m. the meeting was again called to order, and was addressed by Mr. Hoyt, of Athol, who formerly went to Charlestown, Virginia, as voluntary counsel for John Brown. While he was speaking, a portion of the rioters again entered through a door beneath the gallery. They made various outcries and produced some disorder, but as they did not attempt by continuous clamors to prevent the speaking as before, the police were not required to remove them. And at 5½ o'clock, Mr. Hoyt having closed in quiet, the meeting adjourned to 7½.

Those who went to attend the evening meeting found, to their astonishment, that the Temple was closed by order of the Mayor, and that no meeting would be allowed there that evening.

Being thus treated dishonestly and unjustly at last, as at first, by the Mayor, in spite of his brief intermediate interval of good conduct, the Board of Managers decided to throw upon him the responsibility of the interruption of the meeting, and to decline holding the next day's sessions, whether or not he repeated the arbitrary act of closing the Temple against them. It is reported that he did order it to be closed, having in vain requested the Trustees of that building to withdraw their permission to occupy it. It should be recorded to the credit of those gentlemen, that they prized justice and right more than even the security of their property; and that, in circumstances of threatened violence which have caused many to succumb to mob law, they stood firm, fulfilled their contract, and did all they could to protect the rights of their temporary tenants.

We have now to see whether the reign of a Republican President will give any more security to freedom of speech in the States *called* free.

C.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

BOSTON, Jan 27, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE past week has been an historic one for Boston. We used to yield the palm for mobs and brutality to New York; but since Mayor Wightman has taken up the business, and Beacon and North streets have associated to crush out free speech, Isaiah Rynders must look to his laurels, and the Empire Club is in great danger of being eclipsed.

One would think that the lesson which has been so often repeated might, by this time, be well learned; *i. e.*, that nothing helps an unpopular cause so much as persecution. In this very anti-slavery struggle, who shall say how much it is indebted to its enemies? The baptism of blood which marked its inauguration, the fiery ordeal through which it has been compelled to pass, more than anything else, have given to it its irresistible power and omnipotence. Without such aid, who so feeble as the Abolitionists? With it, they have awakened consciences, defied wealth, overturned institutions, elected presidents, and shaken the continent to its foundations. We mark our progress by our seeming calamities. The murder of Lovejoy—the martyrdom of Torrey—Southern lynch law—the rifling of the mails—the destruction of anti-slavery presses—what could we have done without these?

Abolitionists have learned by this time to take persecution philosophically. If men are so anxious to spread our gospel of deliverance to the captive, we cannot feel too grateful (not to them, but to the Lord) for their efficient services. The brutal malignity of a mob is only exceeded by their shortsighted stupidity. They thought to silence Mr. Phillips at the Music Hall on Sunday morning. How well they succeeded! The daily papers printed his address in full. *The New York Tribune* scattered it broadcast over the North, and *The Herald* carried it safely to the South, where *The Tribune* could not go. Before the week's close, every intelligent man had read and discussed it, and we find quotations from it interpolated into Congressional speeches. The rabble little understood what power they were giving the hated orator. Now, "no pent up Music Hall confines his powers"; he has the broad continent for an audience, and the press, the telegraph and the Congress are but mouthpieces to reverberate his sentiments. Well did he exclaim "Thank God for Faust, who made mobs impossible!"

But while recognizing all these potent aids to the slave's redemption, let us not forget the men who are responsible for these outrages upon Free Speech. We have already pilloried the names of Richard S. Fay and James Murray Howe. Infamy is hereafter inseparable from them. Though not visible at the Anti-Slavery Convention on Thursday, as at the John Brown meeting in December, their representatives were not wanting, and we know who paid the bills and purchased the rum. North street was present in full force.

We had every reason to expect a stormy time. Our Mayor, whose ruffianism and asinity seemed equally matched, had offered every inducement for the rioters to disturb our meeting. Dogberry's instructions to the Watch were not more ludicrous than Mayor Wightman's declaration to the Committee who waited upon him. "As it was evident," he said, "an anti-slavery meeting could not be held in Boston without serious and perhaps violent opposition, we ought *not* to hold one, and, if it was held, and such opposition was provoked, he should arrest those who called and conducted the meeting as the aggressors upon the public peace." We have had magistrates before who did not know their business, but never one whose disregard of the duties of his office was so shameless and impudent.

We consider our meetings a success. Two sessions were finished in spite of the rioters. In the evening the Mayor played the autocrat and closed the hall. Upon him rests the responsibility of crushing the Convention. I cannot speak too highly of the friends who attended the meetings. Throughout all the disturbances and threatened violence, during scenes that at times rivalled Pandemonium, they displayed the greatest calmness and the most resolute purpose. Every woman present acted like a heroine. All kept their seats, manifesting no alarm, showing the most lofty courage.

There are many other things I should like to write you, but cannot now. The Festival on Wednesday evening was a grand success socially. Whether pecuniarily or not, you have doubtless learned from Mrs. Chapman before now.

Need I say, in closing, that it grieves a son of Massachusetts to thus chronicle her disgrace? How applicable at this time are Lowell's lines:

"Massachusetts, God forgive her,
She's akneelin' with the rest,
She, that ough' to ha' clung fer ever
'In her grand old eagle-nest;
She thet ough' to stand so fearless
Wile the wracks are round her hurled,
Holdin' up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world!"

O.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28, 1861.

THE present apparent lull in the secession storm is deceptive. It is the calm which precedes the hurricane, and within six weeks of this time we shall see a totally different state of things from that now existing. The cry of the South for the preservation of the *status quo* between the government and the seceding States is a treacherous, deceitful cry, and means simply that the Seceders *want time* to make all the necessary arrangements and preparations for war with the Federal government. Mr. Buchanan is perfectly aware of this, and still he cares so much more for temporary peace than for his country, that he consents to the arrangement. We are to have no attack upon the forts till he goes out of office, and that is sufficient for him. But the South, the seceding States, violate the *status quo* arrangement with perfect impunity, so far as the seizure of Federal arsenals and other property is concerned. In other words, the secret understanding between President Buchanan and the Seceders is, that the latter shall not attack Forts Sumter and Pickens till after the 4th of March, and the President will adopt the do-nothing policy. Meantime, the traitors go on investing these forts, and committing numberless outrages in other quarters of the South, and the General government winks at the treason! There is no help for it at present—the Republicans are passengers in the boat, which is commanded and piloted by traitors, and can do nothing till after the 4th of March.

It is undoubtedly the purpose of the Seceders to make a tremendous demonstration early in March, before the new Administration can do anything towards the reinforcement of the Southern fortresses. That is now their plan, and I have good reasons for believing that they have not for one moment relinquished the idea of taking possession of Washington. Their plans are kept very secret, but enough has leaked out within a few days to make General Scott very anxious about the matter. That there is a plot to take the Capitol and other public buildings, there can be no doubt. Military companies in Virginia, Maryland, and even in Kentucky, have been pledged to take part in the contemplated seizure. Nothing will prevent the execution of the project but the most ample preparations by the government to meet the invaders. As yet, but little has been done; but it is expected that nearly one thousand United States troops will be here by the end of February. But what defence can they make against ten thousand invaders? The government is doing very little under the circumstances.

Doubtless, the best thing that could happen for the North would be an attempt, even if it were successful, to take the Capitol. The war feeling would instantly be aroused in all the free States, to an extent that would not only retake possession of the Capitol, but would sweep slavery from Maryland and Virginia. There are several of the Southern States which contain more *ready fighting men* than an equal number of free States. Slavery and a barbarous condition of society very naturally breeds a large class of brutal fighting men, who are ready for any foray, any lawless expedition; and doubtless the Gulf States, Missouri and Kentucky, can furnish, within a given time, more men accustomed to rough life than the free States. Our civilization does not create rough fighting men, and there is naturally a distaste among us for settling controversies with the sword. But when the North is once aroused, and a war cannot be avoided, when fighting becomes the highest duty of the citizen—fighting for freedom and against slavery—then the North, the free States, will sweep everything before them, and the slave States will discover, too late to remedy their mistake, that they have aroused a sleeping lion.

I dwell upon this prospect of war, because it seems to me *inevitable*. One thing is certain, there will be compromise or war. Unless the North is cheated into disgraceful concessions, the difficulty will be settled with the sword. There can be no such thing as peaceable secession. If an attempt were to be made to settle the question amicably with the Southern Confederacy, the very first question in dispute would have to be decided on the battle field. The South would demand New Mexico as her share of the Territories, and the North would not give it up to slavery. The Southern Confederacy would demand the rendition of fugitive slaves. The North would refuse it. In no possible event could a war be put off for a twelvemonth; and the free States are mad if they do not prepare for this great contest—the conflict of the age.

From certain indications of the spirit of the North, which can be seen through letters and petitions at this distance, I confess that it seems to me that there is greater danger of a compromise than of war. I know that a great deal of fault is found with Congress, and the admonition comes often from the press and the lecture room to the member of Congress, *to stand firm*, as if he were afraid to stand up. But I know dozens of instances where members are utterly opposed to any compromises, and have taken that ground, but they are trembling in their shoes *for fear of their constituents*. Many of these gentlemen are receiving thousands of petitions *from Republicans*, begging them to make terms with the border slave States, and yet they refuse, like brave, good men, to do wrong, even to oblige a majority of their constituents. More than one Republican member of Congress stands up to-day against a compromise, when he knows that a decided majority of his constituents are opposed to his course. It is high time that THE PEOPLE of the free States should understand this question of compromises. Many suppose that Crittenden proposes the restoration of the old Missouri compromise. No such thing. But, on the other hand, the entire South disdains to accept any such concession. The Missouri compromise simply *prohibited slavery* north of 36 deg. 30 min., while the Crittenden proposition *establishes and protects human slavery in all territory south of* 36 deg. 30 *min.*, and *in all territory we may hereafter acquire*. The old compromise was simply a Congressional enactment, not binding on the people; and this is an amendment of the Constitution. In short, the Crittenden amendment is a monstrous proposition, and, sooner than submit to it, the free States had better, every man, woman and child of them, submit to martyrdom. This Congress will not consent to it. But it is greatly to be feared that when the slave States combined, *and out of the Union*, submit this proposition, the free States, or some of them, will accept it. If the people of the free States can be made to understand the question, there is yet hope of freedom; and if not, all hope is lost. I greatly fear that a National Convention would to-morrow submit to the demands of slavery.

The debate in the House of Representatives shows that there is a very strong Union sentiment left in the border slave States, but whether it is enough to overcome the wild fanaticism that now sweeps over the South, is very doubtful. The steady progress of secession unquestionably has its effect upon the Northern members of Congress. If it does not create a panic, it gives rise to considerable uneasiness as to the future. Cassius M. Clay, three weeks ago, was opposed to all compromise; and now he is here *urging a compromise upon the Republicans*. So far, without much effect; but no man can tell, in times like these, what a day may bring forth. I am still of the opinion, however, that no compromise will be agreed upon. Undoubtedly, the Adams compromise would easily pass, if the border State members would accept of it; but they will not. The Republicans who would vote for it would do so on the same ground that they voted for the Montgomery amendment to the Kansas bill two years ago, expecting to make a free State of New Mexico. But the slave States will not accept of the New Mexico-Adams-concession. What object, then, could there be in passing it?

The course of the Northern Democrats of late greatly embarrasses the Republicans. They discover the fact that the free States are full of traitors, and that they will have a hard fight at home before they can attempt to enforce the laws in South Carolina. A large proportion of the Democrats of the free States are as guilty of treason before God this day as the people of the seceding States. Of course this is an embarrassment to the Republicans, soon to come into power. If there is separation, war will soon come, upon some point in dispute between the two confederacies. In the present temper of the South, she will not relinquish the Territory to the North without a war. Undoubtedly it would be the very maddest thing the South could be guilty of; but, after this secession movement, who is not ready to see the slave States rush into any folly, any fanaticism?

You will have seen Mr. Lovejoy's speech ere this. It was a most eloquent argument against compromises of every kind. It was really a greater speech than the one last winter, which raised such a row in the House. That was more declamatory—this a more powerful argument, and more truly eloquent. It was listened to with profound attention by all the members present.

Some of the bold speeches on the Republican side of the House seem to have deceived the North. I see *The Tribune* keeps quoting from John Sherman's speech, as if that gentleman was *opposed* to a compromise. It is not so. The *tone* of the speech was warlike and bold, but if you will look carefully you will see, in the very end of the speech, that Sherman is *for compromise*. Other men have done the same thing—made bold speeches in favor of executing the laws, and yet, somewhere in the course of their remarks, have indicated a purpose to vote for some one of the compromise projects before Congress. Should a compromise pass, these facts will assume a greater prominence than they do now; but if no compromise is agreed upon, the people generally will have the impression that no prominent Republican favored concession to the slave-masters. Let the exact truth be told. Many Republicans *are* for compromise. Thousands of Republican *voters* are for compromise. But the main body as yet stands firm. Not enough have given their assent to any "scheme of conciliation" to carry anything through Congress.

The whole country waits for March and Lincoln, in the hope of a change for the better. If the government goes much longer in the direction that it now rapidly drifts, it will be upon the rocks of destruction, and all that Abraham Lincoln can do will be to recognize the new Southern Confederacy.

AVON.

THE SENTIMENT OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of *The New York Times*, speaking of the hopes of the slaveholders of receiving sympathy and countenance from England and France, bears the following emphatic testimony to the anti-slavery sentiment which pervades those countries:

"In France—I need not tell you what it is in England—

THE STANDARD.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HARRINGTON: A STORY OF TRUE LOVE. By the Author of "What Cheer," "The Ghost—A Christmas Story," "A Tale of Lynn," etc. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge. 1860. pp. 556.

This book is so good that, in spite of the uselessness of wishes, one cannot help wishing it were better.

A certain extravagance in the language is the first thing that strikes the reader. Some one has said that the adjective is the natural enemy of the substantive. The substantives in "Harrington" have a great many of these enemies to contend with; still more unfortunately, besides the undue multiplication of regular, normal, civilized adjectives, numbers of uncouth, barbarous, new-made and mis-made epithets are here accumulated, painfully detracting from the force of language already sufficiently energetic and expressive.

A like extravagance is to be found in some of the characters in this book. We readily pardon, in a novel, the delineation of an amount of good, or an amount of evil, which we do not find realized among the people of the actual world. The novel, like the stage, should "hold the mirror up to nature"; but there are some parts of nature, in and out of human life, that we see quite enough of without a mirror, and a book filled with scenes and characters merely commonplace would not be worth reading. A word-picture, specially to draw our attention, must paint something which is rare or peculiar enough to draw our attention in the actual world; and yet the artist must beware that his pursuit of the striking do not lead him into the unreal. We say of two portraits, each expressing a face unknown to us, that one looks real and life-like, and the other unnatural. There is an aspect of unreality about some of the characters in "Harrington."

We find there also, whether or not the author consciously attempted it, a seeming imitation of the manner or matter of some other writers. There is, in passages, an elaborateness and persistency of description, a seeming attempt to say all that can possibly be said in the way of delineation, which reminds you of one of the faults of Dickens; and no one can see and hear "Tugmutton" without noticing an unsuccessful effort to paint what was successfully painted in "Topsy."

But, in spite of these drawbacks, the book has a real and intense interest, springing partly from the ability of the writer, and partly from his hearty enthusiasm in favor of certain truths that have not yet grown into popular acceptance. Thus, he seeks to induce woman to aspire, more than she has ever yet done, to transcend the "peculiar sphere" in which narrow prejudices and false theologies have kept her confined, and to vindicate the humanity which she shares with man, by the exercise of more active thought, more persistent purpose, and more independent action. Finding the ordinary idea of marriage, and its ordinary realization, poor, and inadequate to the high possibilities and intentions of that relation, he writes "a story of true love," in which the parties who unite their destinies for time and eternity not only feel a present affection for each other, but show a fitness, each for the other, a disposition to aid each other in the actual business of life, and a willingness each to give and receive help in growing into constantly greater nobleness and excellence. Living in an age which has not outgrown the idea and practice of a legal subjection of woman to man, he freely paints some of the evil and vicious results of that custom. Living in a country which has undertaken (and thus far persevered in) the absurdity of joining freedom in political and social alliance with slavery, he pictures that absurdity, showing slavery as, in very many cases, it actually is, and as it always may be when the individual slaveholder is mean and base enough to take all the shameful opportunities which the law allows him. Living in a part of that country where slavery is not practised, but only supported, and where men have become so depraved by long intercourse with slaveholders as, for the sake of a gainful trade with them, to tolerate, and even assist, the worst excesses of their avarice and cruelty, he vividly describes these Northern doughfaces, and paints one large class of Boston merchants precisely as we see them at the present day, sunk into the lowest depths of moral degradation. Finally, living at a time in which some men and women resist such degradation, and, even when pecuniary interest and personal safety are risked by it, speak and act manfully in behalf of justice and humanity, he glowingly depicts these also, the Good Samaritans of the nineteenth century, the true salt that preserves this slaveholding land from putrefaction.

This book opens with a description of a scene in the Red River region of Louisiana, where we are introduced to one of the worst of slaveholders, and one of the most wretched and hopeless of slaves. The slave, however, succeeded in secreting himself in the hold of a Boston vessel, which sailed from New Orleans. After bearing hunger, thirst, and the foul air of his prison three days and nights, until he could bear them no longer, he discovered himself to the crew. He dreaded to do this, but it must be done; and his sinking heart derived some consolation from the thought—"Who'll send me back, after all I've gone through? Who'll be mean enough to do it?"

The Boston shipmaster proves to be as base a man as the Louisiana planter. Having failed to fall in with a vessel by which he might send back the slave, he keeps him a prisoner in Boston harbor while waiting for his return. The Boston merchant proves equally base. The mate, fortunately, possesses a human heart, and gives the slave his liberty. By such good fortune as occurs often in novels, and sometimes in actual life, this wretched slave, skulking by night through the unknown streets of Boston in search of a hiding-place, meets with Harrington. This young man, a person of manly excellence, noble character and refined culture, but of narrow fortune, secretes the fugitive in his single room, and provides for him there until circumstances render it insecure, when he is removed, for safety, to the House of Harrington's betrothed.

Muriel, the heroine of this story, and its feminine representative of "true love," lives with her widowed mother, and makes wealth, elegance and the highest refinement the means of ennobling life, instead of enervating it. She and Harrington, living in a period which manifested some of the noblest and some of the basest persons that ever Boston knew (the years immediately following the enactment of the Fugitive Slave law), had chosen the better part, and shared the highest thought, the noblest aspiration, and the most heroic class of action, to which that time gave birth. The ideas, the purposes, and the life then illustrated by such men as Theodore Parker, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, were such as they cherished and realized. They speak of these men with enthusiastic admiration, as giving the best examples then extant of a life at once faithful to God and useful to man. They chose to share the obloquy which prejudice, superstition and selfish conservatism were accustomed to cast upon those eminent men; and when the opportunities came to do some worthy deed for justice, freedom and humanity, they showed themselves worthy followers of these heroic leaders.

The slaveholder who claimed our unhappy fugitive as his property chanced to come to Boston, on business, just after Antony had been taken under Harrington's protection. By mere accident, he there finds, and seizes, another fugitive from his plantation. This capture is made in the fugitive's own house, among the dwellings of his colored friends. But the audacious kidnapper not only fails to carry off his victim, but barely escapes with his life from the indignation of those whose premises he has invaded. This is one of the most exaggerated parts of the story.

By the indiscretion of Tugmutton, one of Antony's subordinate guardians, he is again seized by the inhuman captain, who confines him on an island in Boston harbor until his ship is ready to return to New Orleans. Thence he is again rescued by Harrington, in the John Brown manner, and placed in the city of Worcester, which our author represents as a city of absolute and ultimate refuge for fugitive slaves. In this enterprise, Harrington conquers a greatly superior force, and attains his chief object, but receives his death wound. This, again, is a credit which Boston has not deserved, none of its citizens (in these latter days) having yet resisted unto blood, striving against the particular sin in question.

Our readers may take, as a specimen of this book, a scene from the middle of it, between the captain, the owner and the mate.

In the meantime things had come to a pretty pass in the private counting-room of Mr. Atkins's office on Long Wharf.

"Yes, sir, things have come to a pretty pass when such an infernal rascal undertakes to let a black beggar loose from aboard my brig," foamed Captain Bangham, red with passion and pounding the desk with his fist.

The merchant sat in an arm-chair near the desk, looking at the captain, with iron-clenched jaws, his eyes sparkling with rage in his set blanched face.

"If I ever heard of such a thing in all my life, Bangham!" he exclaimed, slapping both arms of his chair with his palms, and glaring all around the little mahogany furnished office. "But where were you when this was done?"

"I, sir? Asleep in the cabin Mr. Atkins. Never knew a thing about it, sir, till this morning. Just for special safety I didn't have the brig hauled up to the dock yesterday, but let her lay in the stream. 'Jones, says I, have you seen the nigger this morning?' 'No, I haven't,' says he, cool as you please. 'I guess I'll take a look at him,' says I, and so I took a biscuit and a can of water, and toted down to the hole where I had the nasty devil tied up, and begod, he was gone! I tumbled up on deck: 'Jones,' I shouted, 'where's the nigger?' 'I don't know where he is now,' says he, lazy as a ship in the doldrums. 'All I know is,' says he, 'that I rowed him ashore about midnight, and told him to put for it.' By ——" gasped Captain Bangham, with a frightful oath, "I was so mad that I couldn't say a word. I just ran into the cabin, and when I came out, Jones wasn't to be seen. Hallo, there he is now!" cried the captain, starting to his feet and pointing out of the window to a tall figure lounging along the wharf, and looking at the shipping.

The merchant jumped from his chair, threw up the window, and shouted, "Here, you, Jones! Come in here."

The figure looked up nonchalantly, and lounged across the street toward the office.

"He's coming," said the merchant, purple with excitement, and sinking back into his chair.

They waited in silence, and presently the tall figure of the mate was seen in the outer office, through the glass door, lounging toward them. He opened the door in a minute, and came in carelessly, chewing slowly, and nodding once to Mr. Atkins. A tall man, dressed sailor fashion, in a blue shirt and pea jacket, with a straw hat set negligently on his head, and a grave, inscrutable, sunburnt face, with straight, manly features and dull blue eyes.

"Mr. Jones," said the merchant, his face a deeper purple, but his voice constrained to the calm of settled rage, "this is a fine liberty you have taken. I want to know what you mean by it?"

"What do you refer to, Mr. Atkins?" returned the mate, stolidly.

"What do I refer to, sir? you know what I refer to. I refer to your taking that man from my brig," roared the merchant.

"Mr. Atkins," replied the mate, phlegmatically, "Bangham, there, was going to take that poor devil back to Orleans. You don't mean to tell me that you meant he should do it?"

"Yes, sir, I *did* mean he should do it," the merchant vociferated.

"Then you're a damned scoundrel," said the mate, with the utmost composure.

Captain Bangham gave a long whistle, and sat mute with stupefaction. Mr. Atkins turned perfectly livid, and stared at the mate with his mouth pursed into an oval hole, perfectly aghast at this insolence, and almost wondering whether he had heard aright.

"You infernal rascal," he howled, springing to his feet the next instant, purple with rage, "do you dare to apply such an epithet to *me*? *You*—to *me*?"

"To you?" thundered the seaman, in a voice that made Mr. Atkins drop into his chair as if he was shot. "To you? And who are you? You damned lubberly, purse-proud aristocrat, do you want me to take you by the heels and throw you out of that window? Call me that name again, and I'll do it as soon as I'd eat. *You*, indeed? You're the Lord High Brown, aint you? You're the Lord Knows Who, you blasted old money-grubber, aint you? *You*, indeed!"

In all his life, Mr. Atkins had never been so spoken to. He sat in a sort of horror, gazing with open mouth and glassy eyes at the sturdy face of the seaman, on which a brown flush had burned out, and the firm, lit eyes of which held him spell-bound. Bangham, too—horror-stricken, wonder-stricken, thunder-stricken—sat staring at Jones for a minute, then burst into a short, rattling laugh, and jumping to his feet, cried, "Oh, he's mad, he's mad, he's mad, he's got a calenture, he's got a calenture, he's mad as a March hare," capering and hopping and prancing, meanwhile, in his narrow confine, as if he would jump out of his skin.

"You, too, Bangham," said the mate, making a step toward him, with a menacing gesture, at which the captain stopped capering, and shrank, while Mr. Atkins slightly started in his chair, "you just clap a stopper on that ugly mug of yours, and stop your monkey capers, or you'll have me afoul of you. I haven't forgot your didoes with the men on board the Soliman. Just you say another word now, and I'll put in a complaint that'll lay you by the heels in the State Prison, where you ought to have been long ago, you ugly pirate, you!"

The captain evidently winced under this threat, which Mr. Jones delivered with ominous gravity, slowly shaking, meanwhile, his clenched fist at him.

"And now look here, you brace of bloody buccaneers," continued the irreverent seaman, "short words are best words with such as you. I untied that poor old moke of a nigger last night, and rowed him ashore. What are ye going to do about it?"

Evidently a question hard to answer. Merchant and captain, stupefied and staring, gave him no reply.

"Hark you, now, Atkins," he went on. "We found that man half dead in the hold when we were three days out—a sight to make one's flesh crawl. The bloody old pirate he'd run away from had put a spiked collar on his neck, just as if he was a brute, with no soul to be saved. I'm an old sea-dog, I am; and I've seen men ill treated in my time, but I'm damned if I ever seen a man ill treated like that God-forsaken nigger. He'd run away, and no blame to him for running away. He'd been livin' in swamps with snakes and alligators, and if he hadn't no right to his freedom, he'd earned one fifty times over, and it's my opinion that a man who goes through what he did has more right to his freedom than two beggars like you, who never done the first thing to deserve it. Mind that now, both of ye!"

The mate paused a moment, hitching up his trousers, and rolling his tobacco from one side of his twitching mouth to the other, and then, with his face flushed, and his blue eye gleaming savagely, went on.

"What's the first thing that brute there did to him? Kicked him, and he lyin' half dead. Then, in a day or two, when the poor devil got his tongue, he told how he'd got away, and the sort of pirate he'd got away from. God! when we all a'most blubbered like babes, what did that curse there do? Knocked the man down, and beat his head on the deck, till we felt like mutiny and murder, every man of us! And then, when we'd got the poor devil below, sorter comfortable, down comes Bangham, and hauls him off to stick him into a nasty hole under hatches, and there he kep' him the whole passage, half starved, among the rats and cockroaches. Scarce a day of his life aboard, that he didn't go down and kick and maul him. He couldn't keep his hands off him—no, he couldn't. When I took the man ashore in the dead o' night, he was nothin' but a bundle o' bones and nasty rags, and he made me so sick, I couldn't touch him. That's the state he was in. Now, then, look here."

The mate paused again for a moment, turning his quid, with his face working, and laying the fingrs of his right hand in the palm of his left, began again in a voice gruff and grum.

"That infernal buccaneer, Bangham" he said, "was bent on takin' the poor deyil back to Orleans, after all he'd gone through to get away. Well, he's a brute, and we don't expect nothin' of brutes like him. But you're a Boston merchant, Atkins, and callin' yourself a Christian man, you put in your oar in this dirty business, and was going to help Bangham. You thought I was goin' to stand by and see you do it. No!" he thundered, with a tremendous slap of his right hand on the palm of his left, which made both the merchant and the captain start, "no, I wasn't going to stand by and see you do it! I'm an old sea-dog, and my heart is tough and hard, but I'm damned if it's hard enough to stand by when such a sin as that's afoot, and never lend a hand to stop it. I took that man out of your clutches, you brace of pirates, and I set him adrift? You think I'm afraid to own it? No, I'm not, begod! I did it. Ephraim Jones is my name, and I come from Barnstable. There's where I come from. I'm a Yankee sailor, and, so help me God, I could never see the bunting of my country flying at the truck again, if I let you two bloody. Algerine thieves carry off that man to his murder. That's all I've got to say. Take the law of me now, if you like. I won't skulk. You'll find me when you look for me. And if James Flatfoot don't have his harpoon into both of you one of these days, then there's no God, that's all!"

Turning on his heel with this valediction, which consigned the merchant and the captain's future beyond the grave to the Devil, who, under the name of James Flatfoot, occupies a prominent place in marine theology, Mr. Jones carelessly lounged out of the private room, leaving the glass door open, and with a nonchalant glance at the three or four startled clerks and bookkeepers who sat and stood at their desks wondering what had been going on within, for they had only caught confused scraps of the stormy colloquy, he went down stairs with a load off his mind which had been gathering there during the whole voyage of the Soliman.

The humanity, the rugged independence, and the blunt personality of Mr. Jones, are qualities very much needed in our Northern States at the present day. We are accustomed to hear, from politicians, editors, and clergymen, not only a heartless advocacy of slavery and the Fugitive Slave law, but excuses for brutal violence exercised by Southern mobs upon Northern men, merely for a verbal expression of their dislike of slavery; and we hear from the same persons bitter complaints of the *personality* of men like G. W. Curtis and Wendell Phillips, who use the dialect of civilized society in giving their right names to these traitors to humanity, these recreants to liberty. When "pious" men and "Reverend Doctors" inculcate baseness in the name of religion, when men of high station and "eminent gravity" inculcate baseness in the name of patriotism, it is time that they should be openly called by their proper names. This bitter medicine of personality has become indispensable towards the restoration of the public health; and the men who perform the thankless task of administering it are the truest of public benefactors.

The great merit of "Harrington" is that, in an age of such baseness, an age in which grave and reverend seigniors are apologizing for slavery, at the very time when brutal violence is trampling down freedom, this book speaks out plainly and strongly for the right and against the wrong. It speaks for truth and justice, and for their advocates, even when these are despised and rejected of men; and it stigmatizes vice and meanness, even when they are crowned with popular favor. And, since it handles these subjects with a vigor well suited to draw men's attention to their present duties, we can well afford to overlook its defects as a work of art.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for February contains the following articles:

1. Our Artists in Italy.
2. Knitting Sale-Socks.
3. Scuppaug.
4. Cobbler Keezar's Vision.
5. The First Atlantic Telegraph.
6. Lady Byron.
7. Getting Home Again.
8. A Dry-Goods Jobber in 1861.
9. The Old Homestead.
10. The Professor's Story.
11. The Great Lakes.
12. E Pluribus Unum.
13. Reviews and Literary Notices.

Of the paper on Lady Byron, it is enough to say that it is from the pen of our English correspondent, Harriet Martineau. It is a very remarkable and interesting biography, and nothing but the want of room deters us from transcribing it. "E Pluribus Unum," the political article of the number, is a trenchant review of current political events, evidently by the author of the "Biglow Papers." The following poem will be recognized at once as the work of JOHN G. WHITTIER:

COBBLER KEEZAR'S VISION.

THE beaver cut his timber
With patient teeth that day,
The minks were fish-wards, and the cows
Surveyors of highway—

When Keezar sat on the hillside
Upon his cobbler's form,
With a pan of coals on either hand
To keep his waxed-ends warm.

And there, in the golden weather,
He stitched and hammered and sung;
In the brook he moistened his leather,
In the pewter mug his tongue.

Well knew the tough old Teuton
Who brewed the stoutest ale,
And he paid the good-wife's reckoning
In the coin of song and tale.

The songs they still are singing
Who dress the hills of vine,
The tales that haunt the Brocken
And whisper down the Rhine.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome,
The swift stream wound away,
Through birches and scarlet maples
Flashing in foam and spray—

Down on the sharp-horned ledges
Plunging in steep cascade,
Tossing its white-maned waters
Against the hemlock's shade.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome,
East and west and north and south;
Only the village of fishers
Down at the river's mouth;

Only here and there a clearing
With its farm-house rude and new,
And tree-stumps, swart as Indians,
Where the scanty harvest grew.

No shout of home-bound reapers,
No vintage-song he heard,
And on the green no dancing feet
The merry violin stirred.

"Why should folk be glum," said Keezar,
"When Nature herself is glad,
And the painted woods are laughing
At the faces so sour and sad?"

Small heed had the careless cobbler
What sorrow of heart was theirs
Who travailed in pain with the births of God,
And planted a State with prayers—

Hunting of witches and warlocks,
Smiting the heathen horde—
One hand on the mason's trowel,
And one on the soldier's sword!

But give him his ale and cider,
Give him his pipe and song,
Little he cared for Church or State,
Or the balance of right and wrong.

"'Tis work, work, work," he muttered—
"And for rest, a snuffle of psalms!"
He smote on his leathern apron
With his brown and waxen palms.

"Oh, for the purple harvests
Of the days when I was young!
For the merry grape-stained maidens,
And the pleasant songs they sung!

"Oh, for the breath of vineyards,
Of apples and nuts and wine!
For an oar to row and a breeze to blow
Down the grand old river Rhine!"

A tear in his blue eye glistened
And dropped on his beard so gray.
"Old, old am I," said Keezar,
"And the Rhine flows far away!"

But a cunning man was the cobbler;
He could call the birds from the trees,
Charm the black snake out of the ledges,
And bring back the swarming bees.

All the virtues of herbs and metals,
All the lore of the woods he knew,
And the arts of the Old World mingled
With the marvels of the New.

Well he knew the tricks of magic,
And the lapstone on his knee
Had the gift of the Mormon's goggles,
Or the stone of Doctor Dee.

For the mighty master Agrippa
Wrought it with spell and rhyme
From a fragment of mystic moonstone,
In the tower of Nettesheim.

To a cobbler Minnesinger
The marvellous stone gave he—
And he gave it, in turn, to Keezar,
Who brought it over the sea.

He held up that mystic lapstone,
He held it up like a lens,
And he counted the long years coming
By twenties and by tens.

"One hundred years," quoth Keezar,
"And fifty have I told:
Now open the new before me,
And shut me out the old!"

Like a cloud of mist, the blackness
Rolled from the magic stone,
And a marvellous picture mingled
The unknown and the known.

Still ran the stream to the river,
And river and ocean joined;
And there were the bluffs and the blue sea-line,
And cold north hills behind.

But the mighty forest was broken
By many a steepled town,
By many a white-walled farm-house
And many a garner brown.

Turning a score of mill-wheels,
The stream no more ran free;
White sails on the winding river,
White sails on the far-off sea.

Below, in the noisy village,
The flags were floating gay,
And shone on a thousand faces
The light of a holiday.

Swiftly the rival ploughmen
Turned the brown earth from their shares;
Here were the farmer's treasures,
There were the craftsman's wares.

Golden the good-wife's butter,
Ruby her currant-wine;
Grand were the strutting turkeys,
Fat were the beeves and swine.

Yellow and red were the apples,
And the ripe pears russet-brown,
And the peaches had stolen blushes
From the girls who shook them down.

And with blooms of hill and wild-wood,
That shame the toil of art,
Mingled the gorgeous blossoms
Of the garden's tropic heart.

"What is it I see?" said Keezar:
"Am I here, or am I there?
Is it a fete at Bingen?
Do I look on Frankfort fair?

"But where are the clowns and puppets,
And imps with horns and tail?
And where are the Rhenish flagons?
And where is the foaming ale?

"Strange things, I know, will happen—
Strange things the Lord permits;
But that droughty folk should be jolly
Puzzles my poor old wits.

"Here are smiling manly faces,
And the maiden's step is gay;
Nor sad by thinking, nor mad by drinking,
Nor mopes, nor fools are they.

"Here's pleasure without regretting,
And good without abuse,
The holiday and the bridal
Of beauty and of use.

"Here's a priest and there is a Quaker—
Do the cat and the dog agree?
Have they burned the stocks for oven-wood?
Have they cut down the gallows-tree?

"Would the old folk know their children?
Would they own the graceless town,
With never a ranter to worry
And never a witch to drown?"

Loud laughed the cobbler Keezar,
Laughed like a school-boy gay;
Tossing his arms above him,
The lapstone rolled away.

It rolled down the rugged hill-side,
It spun like a wheel bewitched,
It plunged through the leaning willows,
And into the river pitched.

There, in the deep, dark water,
The magic stone lies still,
Under the leaning willows,
In the shadow of the hill.

But oft the idle fisher
Sits on the shadowy bank,
And his dreams make marvellous pictures
Where the wizard's moonstone sank.

And still, in the summer twilights,
When the river seems to run
Out from the inner glory,
Warm with the melted sun,

The weary mill-girl lingers
Beside the charmed stream,
And the sky and the golden water
Shape and color her dream.

Fair wave the sunset gardens,
The rosy signals fly;
Her homestead beckons from the cloud,
And love goes sailing by!

THE UNITED STATES AND SLAVERY.

BY LOUIS JOURDAN.

Translated for THE STANDARD from The Paris Siecle.

THE profound agitation caused in the United States by the question of slavery has given to the President's Message, this year, an importance much more considerable than that which usually attaches, in Europe, to this annual document. Notwithstanding the gravity of the problems which are agitated among ourselves, in spite of the issues which press upon us, we feel full well, in the depths of our conscience, that this question of slavery, which divides the United States, interests human morality in the highest degree, and that we all, without distinction of nationality or of race, ought to take its solution into consideration.

What is, in reality, the point in question? It is, to know whether, after more than eighteen hundred years of prediction, the good news which Christ came to announce to the world shall be a verity or a falsehood; whether men shall continue to be considered as cattle, and shall be held as property by other men. There is another very important question, one can well perceive—that of determining whether a people shall obtain its autonomy or its nationality. In order that a people should reclaim its independence, it is necessary for it to have recovered its individuality as a people; in America we have not yet arrived at that point.

By a criminal anachronism, we are made to ask ourselves, if men are men, if they should be treated—or rather maltreated—as brute beasts, or, on the contrary, considered as human creatures; and all this in the middle of the nineteenth century, in the face of Christian nations, in the face of the Papacy and of two or three hundred bishops, who shed tears of blood because the Holy See loses a little plot of land, and who find not a word to say, not one heartcry in favor of the slave.

It is considered a monstrosity that, in former times, a council could seriously demand whether women had souls. Is it not a monstrosity equally revolting, that, at the time in which we live, a strong race, a great people, powerful by their genius and their initiative, proud of their civilization, should be still engaged in discussing the question of slavery? Is it not a shame that the President of the United States, in a public message, expressly recognizes the right of property in slaves; that he considers it a duty for the American republic to protect this anti-christian, anti-human right; that he declares that the master can cause to be *delivered*—that is the official word, and it has the air of a cruel irony—can, we say, cause to be *delivered* to himself his slave, escaped from one State to another; that, besides, all laws which are aimed against this right, are so many *violations of the Constitution*, and consequently null and void?

In reading such things, one can scarce believe his eyes; he asks himself if he is dreaming.

A writer, who has gained for himself an unenviable notoriety by his defence of the odious institution against which we protest with all our energy, pretends that the European press is, in general, very ignorant in regard to American affairs, that it is deceived when it believes that the election of the new President, Mr. Lincoln, will have the effect to place before Congress the question of the maintenance or the abolition of slavery. Let us reassure ourselves. "No President," he tells us, "would have the right to propose such a problem, and no Congress would have that of resolving it."

Admirable! Slavery is eternal as God. And in order to complete the education of this so ignorant European press, M. Granier de Cassagnac deigns to teach it that "slavery constitutes, in the United States, a question of property."

M. de la Palisse certainly never spoke better. M. Granier should have told us, at the same time, what is the country, what the epoch, in which slavery has been regarded as anything but a question of property.

It is precisely because it does constitute a possession, the most immoral of possessions, that slavery is an abominable institution; it is precisely because it is a question of property that every Christian nation must choose between these two alternatives—either to renounce this institution, this kind of property, or to become a barbarous nation.

How we burn with indignation at the idea that a king, that any prince whatever, can consider a people as belonging to himself. When this people desires to become free, we stretch out our hand to it, we pour out our blood and our gold upon the battle field, we fight with it for its independence and its liberty; then, when a man reduces another man to slavery—buys him, sells him, sells his wife and his children, mocks at the holiest laws of nature—we are told that the right of this man is sacred; that this right, being that of property, no President, no Congress will dare even to propose the maintenance or abolition of this pretended right.

But this must be derision! If this right is beyond all attaint—if one man can own another man, can beat him, traffic in him, as one traffics in an ass or an ox—what have we been doing in Belgium, in Greece, in Italy, when the Belgians, the Greeks, the Italians, contested with their prince all right of domination over them? What did we do in America even, when French nobility, following Lafayette, went to aid the Americans in establishing their nationality and in freeing themselves?

When we cannot do the least, we cannot do the most. If slavery be an institution not to be attacked, an institution worthy to be protected, if it be a crime to touch it, France has, then, committed a crime at Navarino in freeing the Greeks, at Antwerp in delivering the Belgians, at Solferino and Magenta in affranchizing the Lombards.

There are not two weights and two measures in the scale of morality. If the owner of slaves is justifiable, Francis Joseph could not have been wrong in maintaining his right to Lombardy, in preserving it to-day in Venetia. If slavery is legitimate, all oppression is so, too.

"Slaves are property," we are told triumphantly. "You do not know then, ignorant people, that slavery constitutes in the United States a question of property."

Alas! we suspected it was so. But feudal rights were property; the estates held in mortmain were property; the slaves of the English and of the French colonies were property. Nevertheless, these estates have been interfered with, and M. Granier, who, at this day, published a pamphlet in which he glorifies the principles of 1789, would, no doubt, not think it very sad that these blows should have been struck at this right of property. Why cannot America do for her slaves what France and England did for theirs, what even Austria, under the pressure of the spirit which animates modern society, has done for deliverance from feudal laws?

Ah! take care! is the cry; the slaves of the South cultivate cotton and sugar cane. We have for sugar cane and cotton all the respect which is their due; but it is, fortunately, our privilege to wonder, to even feel the outrage, that Christian societies can dare to put cotton and sugar into the balance with the life, the liberty, the dignity of several millions of human beings.

No! it belongs more exclusively, perhaps, to the friends, the admirers of the courageous American race, to say, proudly, the United States are destined to exercise upon the vast continent which has been developed by their activity, and even upon all the points of the globe, a very great influence, we believe. But if they do not disentangle themselves from the ball which they drag at their feet, if they have not the courage, they who are familiarized to all kinds of bravery, to break all compact with iniquity, if they do not efface from the forehead of their young republic the withering stain which slavery imprints there, they will descend step by step to the lowest rank among nations. Already slavery divides them; it will do worse still. They cannot violate with impunity the most sacred of principles that which makes of every man the brother of his fellow-man, the son of the same God.

Catholicism and Protestantism play an important part in America. Their danger is neither in Rome, nor in London, nor in Stockholm; it is in the presence of slavery. Of what importance are your mandates, and your pastoral letters, and your lamentations? of what use your Bibles peddled at great expense, and distributed gratis?

Are you Christians?

If so, then obey Christ, obey the gospel, liberate your slaves, cost what it may, whatever may be the indemnity accorded to the possessors, whatever the efforts you may have to make to render the first worthy of liberty.

If not, then do not lie in the face of the world by styling yourselves Christians; say frankly that you are pagans, and that you wish to preserve that most detestable of pagan institutions.

LETTER FROM LORD BROUGHAM.

THE following letter from Lord Brougham was written in reply to an invitation from Mr. Redpath to the Convention appointed to be held in Boston on the recent anniversary of the death of John Brown.

BROUGHAM, Tuesday, Nov. 20.

SIR: I feel honored by the invitation to attend the Boston Convention, and to give my opinion upon the question, "How can American slavery be abolished?" I consider the application is made to me as conceiving me to represent the anti-slavery body in this country; and I believe I speak their sentiments as well as my own in expressing the widest difference of opinion with you upon the merits of those who promoted the Harper's Ferry expedition, and upon the fate of those who suffered for their conduct in it. No one will doubt my earnest desire to see slavery extinguished; but that desire can only be gratified by lawful means—a strict regard to the rights of property, or what the law declares to be property, and a constant repugnance to the shedding of blood. No man can be considered a martyr unless he not only suffers, but is witness to the truth; and he does not bear this testimony who seeks a lawful object by illegal means. Any other course taken for the abolition of slavery can only delay the consummation we so devoutly wish, besides exposing the community to the hazard of an insurrection, perhaps less hurtful to the master than the slave. When the British emancipation was finally carried, it was accomplished by steps, and five years elapsed between the commencement of the measure in 1832 and its completion in 1838.

The declaration of the law which pronounced a slave free as soon as he touched British ground (erroneously ascribed to the English Courts under Lord Mansfield, but really made by the judges in Scotland) may seem to be inconsistent with the principle now laid down. But I am bound to express my doubts if such a decision would have been given had Jamaica touched upon the coasts of this country. It is certain that the judges did not intend to declare that all property in slaves should instantly cease, and yet such would have been the inevitable effect of their judgment in the case supposed, which somewhat resembles that of America.

In the elevation of your new President, all friends of America, of its continued union, of the final extinction of slavery by peaceful means, and of the utter, immediate extinction of the execrable slave trade—all friends of the human race must heartily rejoice. They will, let us hope, find in him a powerful ally, as his country may expect to find an able, a consistent and an honest ruler. I have the honor to be, your faithful servant,

BROUGHAM.

A SUBSTANTIAL COMPLIMENT.

OUR readers will remember that, a few weeks since, Rev. H. W. Beecher, in replying to certain strictures upon his ministerial course, stated "that, regardless of opinions, threats or scowls, he should apply the doctrines of the Gospel, *hissing hot*, to all affairs." As an agreeable sequence to that, we learn that the reverend and fortunate orator received from a friend, on New Year's day, a superb and exquisite silver goblet, lined with gold, on a massive and appropriately engraved salver, accompanied by the following poetical tribute:

Tawny as the Roman river,
Ancient Tiber's classic tide;
Tawny as the Afric lion's
Shaggy mane and creeping hide;
Tawny as the dooming color
Of the Southern bondsman's skin,
Be the coffee, hot and creamy,
That is poured this cup within.

Long may he who quaffs the coffee
Lion-hearted be and strong,
Like the orators and heroes
Honored in old Roman song:
Still may he "apply the Gospel
Hissing hot to all affairs,"
Pleading for the cause of freedom
In his sermons and his prayers.

Newburgh, Jan. 1, 1861. —*N. Y. Times.*

NORTHERN COWARDICE.

[Extract from the Boston correspondence of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*.]

How many skulking, compromising creatures there are! For a truce, for a little ease, a chance to live three or four years longer in peace, men are willing to entail on their children a severer struggle than this, or on their remotest posterity all the evils of a slaveholding despotism. Men will "toil and moil, poor muckworms!" cheat in trade, run hazards at the pole or in the tropics, insure their feeble lives for the benefit of their children; but for the sake of peace for a day or two, they will submit to the most infamous bargains with sin and compromises with treason. Shame on them! What right have they thus to make posterity suffer for their cowardice? If the Southern Whigs had stood firm against the Nebraska bill in 1854, we should have been spared 1861; if Webster had stood firm against the compromises of 1850, we should have been spared the Nebraska bill; if the men of 1820 had insisted on the slavery prohibition in Missouri's case, we should have been spared the concessions of 1850; and, to go further back, if the framers of the Constitution had carried out the purposes stipulated in the preamble, and made such provisions as would ensure the blessings of liberty to all men in the country, we should have had no trouble in 1820. And if we are true now, and refuse to yield to the compromises which are showered upon Congress every day by the Crittendens, Biglers, Hunters, Etheridges, we shall save the men of 1870 a more grievous struggle than this. "They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin!"

This is a question of pluck and endurance. If the South are determined to go out, they will go in spite of us. If they are not so determined, they will stay on our own terms. Let our friends in Congress hold still, strengthening the administration if it is disposed to do right. We shall, in this way, win

"The victory of endurance born."

Our members of Congress, who stand firm, deserve the highest commendation, and the people should stand by and encourage them. I will lift my hat to every man of them who comes home in March, having seen Abraham Lincoln inaugurated on the Capitol steps, and the people not betrayed by wicked compromises.

THE INTERIOR OF PEKING.

Correspondence of The London Times.

PEKING, November 1.

HAS any one described Peking for you? The capital is two cities, known as the Tartar (north), and the Chinese (south); the latter, an oblong, stretching between four and five miles from east to west, while from south to north it is much over a mile wide; the former nearly three and a half miles square, and resting on the centre of the southern city, so as to produce with it a T-shaped figure, with a disproportionately stout perpendicular. North of all is a large earthwork, the north outline of which is exactly parallel to the north wall of the city, and distant from it perhaps a mile. From its extremities fall the east and west faces of the enclosure, aligning themselves with the east and west walls of the city. Thus you have a figure somewhat of the form of three parallelograms, rising above each other, A being the earthwork; B, the north city; and C, the south city. In the centre of B, again, stands an inner city, walled and gated, and in the centre of this the innermost precinct of the Emperor, also walled and gated, and guarded by numerous functionaries and men at arms. It is remarkable, by the way, in what apparent security this careful despot dwelt at his country palace. There were barracks for a strong force, and the books of China show a corps of some magnitude as proper to Yuen-ming-Yuen, but the palace or palaces were as accessible to the outsiders as any gentleman's park in England. To return to Peking; as you approach it from the north, the walls, some 60 feet high and in good order, with very high buildings overtopping the gates, are decidedly imposing. You draw nearer, and are moved to laughter at John Chinaman's consistent adherence to his babylike fashions in matters of war. These great gates seem to you, far off, to be provided with five tiers of guns, which you cannot imagine would ever be fired without bringing down the whole tower. Nearer inspection satisfies you that the tower is in no danger from this cause, at least. The embrasures, which are as crowded as in an old line of battle ship, are simply apertures closed with a shutter, on which is painted a circle with a bull's eye. On occupying the gate the force did find, right and left of it, some very nice guns, laid as if up to the last moment thoughts had been entertained of resisting this introduction of bayonet bearing barbarians within the holy of Chinese holies. If we may trust native gossips, the counsels of the authorities were greatly divided. A Chinaman is slow to believe what he has not seen, and although two large armies were thrashed within a few miles of Peking but a fortnight before, it is thought likely enough that there were and are some grand conservative sons of Ham by no means satisfied that the walls never known to be taken were not impregnable. Happily the opposite conviction prevailed, and this vast population were spared the horrors of assault and pillage, and the allied force the demoralization consequent on the latter inseparable accident of its *metier*.

I could enlarge on this last subject considerably, had I space and time. The regulation of pillage has ever been the *opprobrium disciplinæ*. If I may hazard an opinion, the French soldier recovers himself after an *accès* of pillage far more speedily than our men. He pillages, too, in much better taste, and without the ruthless and unnecessary destruction of his ally, whose mission it appears to be not so much to fill his pockets as to prod pier glasses, to annihilate lamps, and to cripple tables and chairs past hope of recovery.

The *coup d'œil* from the north walls is indisputably gratifying. Past experience of Chinese cities will have prepared you for an absence of what we call public buildings in the view below you. Still, there is the Imperial Palace, protesting in this case against your rule, and, besides the gate towers, a fair sprinkling of lofty temples, the whole interspersed with much wood. The palace seems to have almost a park of good middle-sized trees about its artificial lakes, and bridges that have been comely, and are still, at a distance, picturesque. On the whole, you feel favorably towards Peking. But descend into the streets—and since the signature of the convention on the 24th everybody has descended—and you become painfully sensible that there is not a more squalid collection of houses in an Arab village or in the old city of Limerick. The streets are wide, and have been, in some instances, paved, but they seem to have been long forgotten by the Macadam of these parts. On a dry day their soft loam sends up a cloud of dust that puts your face and whiskers past the recognition of your most intimate friends. If it rains, you are knee deep in mud, and a journey along the disjointed stone *chaussée* is a service of real danger to your horse's fetlocks.

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